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TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCIAN'S DIALOGUES.

By A. M. W.

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TRANSLATIONS.

TIMON.

T. Jove! lightning-flashing! thunderer! and avenger
Of deeds that violate the sacred hearth!
Jove! cloud-compeller! guardian of the stranger!—
Or by whatever title, in a dearth
Of thought, moon-stricken Poets thee rehearse,
To prop the structure of a falling verse,—

Why sleeps thy thunderbolt? so candent once,
In ire destructive, and in sound terrific:
It scarce retains a sparkle "for the nonce,"
When impious men require its use specific:
Nor fear they, from the menaced stroke recoiling,
Aught but the scattered soot, their garments soiling.

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It was not so, at first: thy fervent hand
  Bade lightnings frequent flash, and thunders rattle:
Hail fell like rocks, and earthquakes shook the land,
  And perjured men expected instant battle:
Nay, in a deluge they had perished all—
But that a boat preserved a remnant small,—

Preserved for more flagitiousness, it seems;
  For who regard thee?—or with gifts adore thee?
Unless some victor at Olympia deems
  It decent to display his wreaths before thee:
E'en *there*, thy curls were lately shorn away,
While thy ten-cubit bolt in thy dull right-hand lay.

Salmoneus, hence—bold from thy inattention,—
  Prompt to all ill the man, (so less the wonder,)
Boasting to equal thee by his invention,
  Thundered against thee with his mimic thunder;
And oaths, extortions, perjuries without number,
Fail to disturb thy mandragorean slumber.

But public grievances, for private, leaving—
  See what Athenians, by my kindness gifted
With affluence—all who asked of me receiving—
  And from a mean estate to power uplifted:
In fact, so prodigal was I of pelf,
To all I gave, till I had none myself.

And now these men,—who on my steps attended,
With flattery and with reverence wont to greet me,
As if their life were on my nod suspended,—
All onward pass, if they by chance should meet me,
As by the sepulchre of one long dead,
The pillar fallen and the name unread.

So, a hired labourer in this desert spot,
My dress the shaggy covering of a beast,
I dig, content that *here* I witness not
Those have most honours who deserve the least;
And, with my mattock, in this solitude,
Wisdom I woo, as ne'er before I wooed.

Now, son of Saturn and of Rhea! waking—
Longer than Epimenides thou sleepest—
Thyself to Etna strenuously betaking,
Re-light the brands that half-extinct thou keepest:
Unless, indeed, what Cretans say be true—
And *they* thy *sepulchre* expose to view!

Jove. Hermes! who is this person, at the base
Of Mount Hymettus, thus so loudly railing?
The rocky ground he digs, with downward face,
A general squalor in his mien prevailing:
Some Sophist he must be, pert and loquacious—
None but your Sophist would be thus audacious.

H. Why, father! you are surely not forgetting
Timon, the son of Echecratides,
Who, perfect hecatombs before us setting,
Honoured so oft your high solemnities.
J. This *he?*—the slipperiness of high position!
But what reduced him to this mean condition?

H. 'Twas charity—philanthropy—civility,
That pushed him down from his exalted station;
Or rather, an unreasoning facility
That gave to all, without discrimination;
Till, fleeced, and flayed, and robbed of all his store,
Those he enriched, his very name ignore.

J. Well, this is not a man to be neglected:
Justly his case as cruel were regarded,
And we, of like ingratitude suspected,
Were his past sacrifices unrewarded.
What fat of bulls and goats! whilst I am speaking
The odour yet seems in my nostrils reeking!

But, on philosophy the declamations
From Attica ascending, and, o'er all,
The war of words, and endless altercations
About a something which they "virtue" call,
Forced me to stop my ears while these proceeded,
And thus the case of Timon passed unheeded.

But summon Plutus hither, with his treasures,
  And bid him take to Timon all his stores;
Nor leave him, though he seem, by foolish measures,
  Resolved again to turn him out of doors.
The traitors, to his charity indebted,
Shall feel my anger, when my bolt is whetted.

Two of its longest rays are blunt, or broken:
  At Anaxagoras I meant to aim it,
For bold discourse against our godship spoken—
  Denying it to all of us who claim it:
But Pericles, his arm aloft extending,
With hand outstretched the Sophist's head defending,

Turned it aside—and winged by all my ire,
  Full on the Anakeion* down it clattered
With erring force,—and setting that on fire
  Itself against the marble nearly shattered:
However, Timon's new-regained prosperity
Will sting these men, meanwhile, with some severity

II. Now what a thing it is, to boldly call,
  And force attention by vociferous braying!
Nor in the courts, alone, where pleaders bawl;
  How useful too, to mortals when they're praying!
Timon might long that rock with mattock hammer,
But that he forced Jove's notice by his clamour.

* The Anakeion was the Temple of Jupiter's two sons, Castor and Pollux.

Enter PLUTUS.

P. But, Jupiter, to Timon *I'm* not going.
J. Why not, best Plutus, when Jove bids thee go?
P. Because, my treasures out of windows throwing,
As burning coal men from their fingers throw,
And almost as by pitchfork me expelling—
His father's friend, he drove me from his dwelling.

J. Experience has to better manners brought him,
And from his mattock he had learned full well—
Had not his aching reins the lesson taught him—
How riches squalid indigence excel:
Fear not, henceforward, aught from him, of perilous,
But, surely, Plutus! you are somewhat querulous.

Timon you blame, that, neither strict nor jealous,
With open doors he left you free to roam;
Yet others you accuse as over-zealous,
Who lock you up and make you stay at home;
Windows and doors secure for ever keeping,
With scarce a glimpse of daylight through them peeping.

And want of exercise, and want of air,
Produces, you complain, your aspect squalid;
Throws o'er your brow its look of anxious care,
And sicklies over your complexion pallid;
And state yourself, by force or by evasion,
Resolved to fly them on the first occasion.

Absurd you term those who, from dread of danger,
Watch by the locks that guard you, night and day.
Useless to them, as to the dog in the manger,
From which the horse he drove, its corn and hay.
Now, these complaints accustomed to rehearse,
Timon you blame for doing the reverse.

P. Jove, from this criticism, truth would save me:
And you, if on these cases you reflect,
Deem that the liberty which Timon gave me
Was not benevolence, but sheer neglect;
And those men wicked, who in darkness bind me,
Merely that they may fat and bulkier find me.

And to what purpose do these cares conduce,
Those cruel chains, from which they never free me?
Of my society they make no use,
Content, it seems, that no one else can see me;
Forgetting, as by day and night they watch me,
That from their helpless grasp Death soon will snatch me.

J. Fret not about them: both, as is their due,
Endure a punishment their folly matching.
Those, like Phineus, ravenous Harpies view
E'en from their very mouths their viands snatching;
And *these*, like Tantalus, their existence waste
In bending o'er a good they never taste.

P. Will he desist, then, from his vessels pouring
My treasures out, faster than in they flow?
Like one a passage for them hastily boring,
In fear of drowning by their overflow.
J. He will; or, if to waste them still he please,
He'll find his mattock lying on the lees.

But hesitate no longer—hasten thither—
And, Hermes, on returning, don't forget
From Etna's forge to bring the Cyclops hither,
To mend my thunder and its lightnings whet:
There's work enough on hand, for it to do,
Soon as its blunted rays are ground anew.

H. Come, Plutus, let's be off;—but what is this?
Illustrious one! art lame, as well as blind?
P. Not always; but, I know not how it is,
Such tardiness of foot I mostly find
When wealth to take to some one, I am told,
That, ere I reach him with it, he grows old;

But you may see me my departure taking
Winged like a bird, and fleeter far than any.
H. This is not true: the statement you are making
I can, myself, confute; and show you many,
In car by snow-white coursers drawn, elated,
Begemmed with rings, with purple robes inflated,

Who never in their lives possessed an ass,
  Nor obolus, yesterday, to buy a halter;
Today, so splendid as along they pass,
  That, in their new magnificence, they falter,
Scarce trusting in themselves, and doubtful seeming
Whether they are awake, or only dreaming.

P. But, Hermes, *that* was one thing, *this*, another;
  To such men on my feet I never go;
Nor does Jove send me to them, but his brother
  Pluto, who reigns o'er all the Dead below:
From house to house when I'm to be transmitted,
Wrapped up in vellum folds, with seals well fitted,

My lord defunct in dusky corner lying
  Leaving, a linen cloth upon him thrown,
I'm carried to a group my advent eyeing,
  And doubtful whom I next as lord shall own:
While, open-mouthed, they all my movements follow,
As watch, her gaping young, the hovering swallow.

Now, broken seal and severed string revealing
  Me, and *his* name to whom I am consigned,
Away he whips me, with a victor's feeling,
  Defeat and mourning left to those behind;
And Tibius, late, or Dromo, all surprises
By stalking 'Megacles' or 'Megabysus.'

Brute to his slaves, coarse to the free-born man,
Beset by sycophants with shameless faces,
He wastes his riches on some courtesan,
Or training horses for the Olympic races;
And straightway melt, a thousand ways ejected,
The treasures rapine, perjury, craft collected.

H. Things are much as you say; but when you go
On your own feet, by Jove to some one sent
He worthy deems of wealth, how can you know,
Being blind, that you have found the person meant?
P. What! think you that I go where *he* designed me?
H. By Jove! I do not; for you oft, I mind me,

To Callias go, and men of like condition,
And pass—nor notice him—an Aristides:
But tell me how you execute your mission.
P. All I can do, to grope from side to side is;
And up and down and round me as I fumble,
I'm seized by him on whom I chance to stumble.

H. Jove is deceived, then, when he thinks you going
At his command, to dwell with men of worth.
P. And well deserves it! since, my darkness knowing,
He bids me seek the rarest thing on earth,
And so retiring in its whereabout,
Lynceus, even, scarce would find it out.

And as the bad are many, and abound in
Your cities, grasping at, and getting all,
Of course, I run against them, and am found in
Their sweep-nets, into which I, rambling, fall.
H. But, lame, how 'scape you, ever, with impunity?
P. Both eyes and feet grow brisk with opportunity.

H. Explain me this; how you—it seems amazing—
Wan, blinking, clumsy-shanked (you must confess it),
Such crazed admirers have! intently gazing
To catch your smile—o'erjoy'd when they possess it—
While some, who win it not, for nought else caring,
In the vast ocean plunge, and die despairing.

P. Think you, then, Hermes, that to them I seem
Wan, sallow, limping, and what not besides?
H. What else should I suppose? unless I deem
That blindness, like your own, their sight betides.
P. *Blind* they are not,—but ignorance blindfolds them,
And error in a foggy twilight holds them.

But, not to look so altogether frightful,
A many-coloured vesture I assume,
And gilded, jewelled mask, of air delightful;
Which, seeing, they mistake for native bloom:
Could they once view me, these cosmetics under,
Their admiration they would own a blunder

H. But when familiarly together living,
Are they not soon aware of the deception?
P. Auxiliaries I have, assistance giving,
That nullifies the danger of detection.
He who at first within his doors admits me,
Receives a train, unseen, that never quits me,—

Indolence, error, folly, and audacity;
Who so bewitch my host, he thinks to bind
Things fugitive, that mock his vain tenacity,
And worthless things seem precious to his mind,
Till, such his dotage, he would readier be
His head to part with, than to part with me.

H. Plutus, how smooth you are! with the lubricity
Of snake, or eel, you through the fingers glide;
While Want is viscid,—with a multiplicity
Of catching hooks, thick-set on every side,
That cling so fast to such as may come near,
Scarce from the contact can they struggle clear.

But whilst we trifle, here is Attic land;—
Hold by my cloak, until I find the way
To Timon. *P.* Hermes, take me by the hand,
Or else I may be lost, or go astray,
Wandering, unless securely you lead me on,
To a Hyperbolus, or to a Cleon.

But what can this noise be? 'tis like the ringing
Of iron, from some substance hard rebounding.
H. 'Tis Timon, to the rock his mattock bringing;
And what a crowd is there, the man surrounding!
There's Poverty, and Wisdom,—the whole set,
Toil, Manhood, Fortitude, together met,

Under the flag of Poverty enlisted;
A better body-guard than yours, by far.
P. Hermes, let us begone: if we persisted,
Nought memorable could we do in such a war,
Where, of allies like these are, van and rear, full.
H. Jove does not deem so; we must not be fearful.

Poverty. Whom art thou leading hither, Argicide?
H. I, sent by Jove, to Timon, Plutus bring.
Pov. Plutus to *Timon!* would you me deride?
Timon! whom I received a useless thing,
Ignoble, stolid, and, by luxuries sated,
Worn to a shred, mean and debilitated!

To Wisdom and to Labour I assigned him,
And they restored him vigour, strength, and health,
And now, that I to virtue have inclined him,
Shall he go back to all the snares of wealth?
And what he was before, shall Plutus make him?
H. Jove so commands, O Poverty! *Pov.* Then take him.

I go; you, Wisdom, and you, Labour, follow,
With all the rest of you. He soon will find
What he has lost in me;—no friendship hollow,
But in all efforts an associate kind;
And that his life, whilst under my protection,
Was manly and serene, and fair in retrospection.

July 25, 1856.

CHARON AND HERMES.

"Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?"—*Horace.*

"Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,—
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Pagan and on Christian ground:
The flower's divine where'er it grows;
Negleet the prickles, and assume the rose."
Watts.

H. Now, Charon, we have leisure for computing,
If so you please, to what your debts amount.
C. Agreed: 'twill save, in future, all disputing,
And trouble, now, by shortening the account.
H. First, for the anchor, then, you bade me buy,
I paid five drachmæ. *C.* Five! the price is high!

H. By Pluto, 'twas five drachmæ I expended;
Two oboli for a thong the oar to fix;
Four for the needle with which sails are mended.
C. Add them together. *H.* Four and two make six.
Then nails, a rope, and wax the chinks to smear,
For these, two drachmæ. *C.* Well, these were not dear.

H. This is the whole, if nothing I've omitted
In summing up: now pay me what you owe.
C. I cannot now; since war the earth has quitted,
Few men, comparatively, come below.
Should war or pestilence send them in a hurry,
So many fares, false-reckoned in their flurry,

Profit might yield. *H.* Must I then wish the increase
Of human ills, that you may pay your debt?
C. Hermes, it can't be helped; you see, 'tis Peace—
H. And better so, though I be paid not yet.
But, Charon, what a change in men we see,
From the bold mortals of antiquity!

Their sanguine bodies manly health denoted; [humid;
Spear-pierced they mostly came, their wound still
But now they come with frames by luxury bloated,
Their faces pallid, and their ankles tumid;
Mean-spirited they seem—unlike the others;
And some come poisoned by wives, sons, or brothers.

The greatest number, too, for riches eager,
Seek them by force, or fraud and ambuscade;
And while with snares each other they beleaguer,
Sink in the pitfalls for their neighbours made.
C. Well, gold has many charms, and who can shun them?
H. Then debtors must not fret, if creditors shall dun them.

CHARON, HERMES, AND PASSENGERS.

C. You see how 'tis with us: the skiff is small,
And leaky: a slight matter would capsize us;
I cannot say 'tis safe to take you all
Thus heavy laden. *P.* What would you advise us,
Charon, that safely we be ferried o'er?
C. Leave your superfluous luggage on the shore.

And naked, each of you, my wherry enter;
E'en thus you 'll almost fill it to the brim:
Your goods, I fear, might cause some misadventure
Chiefly to such of you as cannot swim.
Stand by the ladder, Hermes, and attend
That all undress, ere they the boat ascend.

H. I will: but who comes first? *M.* I am Menippus;
My staff and scrip into the lake I fling,
You see; and, since the order is to strip us,
'Tis fortunate my cloak I did not bring.
H. Thou best one! by the pilot take thy station,
And watch all comers from that elevation.

Whom have we next,—all purple, gold, and pride?
L. Lampichus I, and among monarchs numbered.
H. But since all covering must be laid aside,
Why cam'st thou hither with such fardels cumbered?
L. Beseems a monarch, Hermes, such undress?
H. A monarch, perhaps not; a dead man, yes.

L. Lo! there the riches go, that I have stored!
H. And now send after them your pride and pomp;
For these, if but allowed to step on board,
Are of themselves enough the boat to swamp.
L. Let me my crown retain, and upper vest.
H. By no means: these must follow all the rest.

L. So be it; and what now? At your desire
All I have laid aside, as you may see.
H. There still remain your insolence and ire,
Cruelty, folly, and ferocity:
These put away. *L.* Behold me! I am stark,
O Hermes! *H.* That is well; ascend the bark.

And who art thou, so muscular and stout?
D. Damasias, the Athletes. *H.* Thee I know,
In the Palæstra seeing thee. *D.* No doubt;
And since I'm naked, I on board may go.
H. Naked! with all those folds of flesh surrounded!
Set but one foot on deck, and we are grounded!

So put it off, and throw those wreaths away,
And proclamations that thy feats attest.
D. Behold me, as thy orders I obey
Now bare indeed! nor heavier than the rest.
H. 'Tis best to be unburthened: mount the boat.
Bring no sepulchral honours, to denote,

Crato, thy wealth, thy luxuries delicate,
Thy pride of ancestry, and taste refined;
And any title given thee by the State
With cry of herald, leave that, too, behind.
These things but mentioned would the boat depress!
C. 'Tis done! (unwillingly)—but what redress?

H. And who art thou, equipped from head to heel
In armour? and what trophy that, thou savest?
W. A warrior I; and by these arms of steel
The State proclaims me as her best and bravest.
H. Set down upon the shore thy trophy vaunted;
Peace reigns below, and there no arms are wanted.

And he, whose very garments gravely flow,
With meditative air, and eyebrow lifted?
Men. 'Tis some philosopher,—the cheats I know;
Off with his cloak! let its contents be sifted!
Much wilt thou find beneath, to move thy laughter.
H. Put down thy cloak first; what thou carriest, after.

O Jupiter! what ignorance and pretension!
What self-conceit, beneath thy mantle lurking!
Disputes on subjects past all comprehension,
And strenuous trifling under show of working!
What thorny themes, on questions of no worth!
What grave inquiries, of no use on earth!

Nor does, by Jove! thy luxury elude me,
Thy self-indulgence, and thy love of gold.
What, of those things unless thou straight denude thee,
Fifty-oared galley would the cargo hold?
Ph. All I depose—to thy behest obedient;
M. Hermes, his beard to shorten were expedient;

See! what a length of thick and matted hair!
H. Thou art right; Philosopher, 'tis time to lop it.
Ph. But who will shave me? *H.* On the ladder-stair
Menippus with his shipwright's axe will chop it.
M. Hermes, not so; but, more to laugh and scoff,
Suppose I take a saw, and saw it off?

H. The axe suffices. Really, by this clipping
Thou gain'st a more humane and decent air.
M. And shall his eyebrows have a little snipping?
H. By all means;—how they rise and seem to stare!
At what, I see not. But how now? dost cry?
Thou dastard outcast! art afraid to die?

M. But, Hermes, the far heaviest bale of all
Under his arm yet lies in occultation.
H. What is it? *M.* That from which no harvest small,
Philosophers obtain,—'tis adulation:
This in the world he turned to fine account.
H. Throw it away, and then the ladder mount.

Ph. And thou, Menippus, put off thy loquacity,
Thy words free-spoken, and derisive jest:
Shalt thou alone, in careless, gay vivacity,
Amuse thyself, and mock at all the rest?
H. Nay, keep them all,—they never crowd the boat;
Besides, their lightness helps to make it float.

And thou too, put away, O Rhetorician!
Antitheses and wide-spread declamation,
And sentences in equal apposition,
And all the arts that ballast thine oration.
R. 'Tis done. *H.* Then weigh the anchor—spread the sail.
Pilot! the helm!—Now for a favouring gale!

How now, Philosopher? what means this drivelling?
Ph. Hermes, I thought the soul would deathless be.
M. Believe not, Hermes, 'tis for this he 's snivelling,—
He mourns his feasts and nightly revelry,
Whence you might see him—with the day emerging—
Wisdom for gold propound, and youth to temperance urging.

H. The lake is passed; descend ye all; the road,
Kept right ahead, the judgment-seat will shew you.
Charon and I go for another load.

M. Hermes, farewell! a pleasant voyage to you!
And now, companions, to our onward way:
Judged we *must* be,—and wherefore then delay?

Severe, 'tis said, the penalties inflicted;—
The rock, rebounding, Sisyphus still searing;
Ixīon on the whirling wheel constricted;
And ravenous vultures Tityus ever tearing!
The lives of all of us will be inspected,
And not an act forgotten or neglected.

COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

Jove, Hermes, and Momus.

J. Henceforth, ye Gods, from muttered words abstaining—
Whispering together, huddled into corners—
Boldly expose the cause of your complaining.
Hermes, proclaim free speech to all reformers.
They say the influx of so many strangers
The ease and comfort of our feast endangers.

H. Silence! and listen all! This council meets,
Ye perfect Gods,* for free investigation
Anent the conscript Gods who take their seats
Among you, not by birth, but invitation.
M. Jove, may I speak, whatever the suggestion?
J. Hermes you heard; what need, then, of the question?

M. Well, then, since leave is given to speak my mind,
My mind I'll speak, let who will be offended:
Godships, among us, new enrolled we find,
Who come, by all their followers attended,
And thus create of nectar such a dearth
We scarce can buy it now at twice its worth.

* Θεοὶ τέλειοι, the twelve greater Deities.

J. Momus, at random wanders now your lecture;
But speak it openly without enigma;
Its object differently all conjecture,—
Some take, and some on others fix, the stigma.
Without disguise be those you aim at named,
A free debater should not be ashamed.

M. Well spoken, Jove! this license is magnific
And monarch-like: for names you shall not wait.
There's Bacchus first—I need not be specific—
You all observe his dizzy air and gait!
And mitre feminine his head adorning!
And scent of wine unmixed at early morning!

Among us next—his choral train enhancing—
Are Satyrs, Pan, Silenus, straight enrolled,
Half men, half goats, addicted much to dancing;
Long-bearded and flat-nosed, the Lydian* old:
These, with their horns, and pointed ears erected,
(And all have tails,) Bacchus himself selected.

When outrage such to decency is shown,
Can you expect the nations to adore us?
Or, as fit objects for their worship, own
The forms grotesque of all this Phrygian chorus?
And will those wanton fooleries disgust not?—
Yet more you have to hear. *J.* Momus, you must not

* Silenus.

Say aught—I see to what your speech is drifting,—
Against Asclepius and Hercules;
The first, to health the prostrate sick uplifting,
The second, toiling ever, scorning ease,
Won the distinguished thrones on which they sit.
M. These, for your sake, Jove, will I pretermit;

Though having much to say; and, were it licit,
More of yourself could tell you to your face.
J. Against *me*, chiefly, may you be explicit:
Would you dispute *my* right, too, to my place?
M. Nay, this is done in Crete, and worse,—for there
They call you dead, and show your sepulchre.

But these I don't believe; nor, further, those
Of Greeks who treat you as supposititious.
But from yourself the adulterate mixture rose,
That tarnishes our race with lineage vicious:
For mortal woman your own form forsaking,
And, sometimes this shape, then another, taking,

You, as a bull, now place yourself in danger,
For sacrifice, of being caught and sold;
And now, a goldsmith, to your rank a stranger,
May innocently work you up in gold,—
And for our Jove, the while, we here are fearing
To get a necklace, bracelet, or an ear-ring.

I can't say otherwise, for such the fact is ;
And since the door you've opened to these morals,
Not only Gods all imitate your practice,
But Goddesses have mortal loves and quarrels !
Of Aphrodite's and Aurora's Minion
Who does not know ? and Dian has Endymion.

That Median Mithres, too—will you allege him
A God, who cannot even our language speak ?
So, in a cup of nectar if you pledge him,
He makes no answer, for he knows no Greek.
This seeing, Scythians set us at defiance,
And claim for whom they will, divine alliance.

Dog-faced Anūbis, thou in linen stole,
Dost thou declare thy Godship by thy barking ?
And stands around that Memphian bull, a shoal,
His bellowed oracles devoutly harking.
In truth, I blush to mention what the tribe is
That Egypt brings us—he-goat, ape, and ibis.

J. Absurd the Egyptian matters you've related ;
But some involve a secret history,
Discerned alone by the initiated,
Nor should the ignorant mock the mystery.
M. Truly some key we want, to learn the odds,
Jove, between Cynocephali and Gods.

And how dost thou thyself endure the measure
That set the horns of Aries on thy brow?
J. Egyptian matters leave, I say: at leisure
They shall be looked into: but forward now.
M. You, then, Apollo, may put off your state
Of prophet,—*stones* will now vaticinate,

If but enwreathed with flowers, and oil-anointed.
And since our numbers swell to such amount,
And altars are at every turn appointed,
We're held, proportionately, of no account.
Perjury and sacrilege grow day by day,
And men look down on us—as well they may.

But, Jupiter, what most excites my mirth
(Enough I've said of conscript Gods who throng us)
Are the new names invented upon earth
Of things nor heard nor even known among us.
Where in the world is that famed "virtue" found,
Or "nature," "fortune," "fate"?—All empty sound;

Dreams of Philosophers, to fools recited.
And yet on these such influence they obtain,
No sacrificial offerings now are lighted;
For hecatombs, men say, would nothing gain,
Since Fortune cannot change, if Fate be spinning
Things as they *must* be, from their first beginning.

* Jupiter Ammon was worshipped in Libya, under the form of a ram.

Therefore, I gladly from yourself would know
  If "fate" or "virtue" you have ever seen?
Their *names*, in disputations from below,
  Have reached you oft—unless you deaf have been.
But now 'twere best to stop: against my speeches
Hisses I hear, from those their taxing reaches.

October, 1856.

SONNET.

"Dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ est."—*Virgil.*

Yet reigns the stillness of the summer dawn,
  And from the linden's pensile blossoms slight
  Fragrance, renewed and steeped in dews of night,
Blends with the sweet scent of the new-mown lawn:
Shadowy the grove's recesses, deep-withdrawn,
  Where the high trees their arching spray unite;
  While through their massive shafts the level light
Plays on the glittering grass and quivering awn.
The milk-white kine on the green pastures lie;
The birds faint-twitter, and with slumberous sound
  Murmurs the dove amid the leaves obscure:
Awakening day, of strife and labour nigh,
As yet scarce conscious seems,—and all around
  Recalls life's morn, serene, fresh, calm, and pure.

August 1, 1856.

SONNET.

"Segetes altæ campique natantes
Lenibus horrescunt flabris."—*Virgil.*

Lone, and for thought too languid, yet with eye
And ear attent, I watch each summer charm,
Until my heart, with quick emotion warm,
Their Author blesses. Swallows, circling high,
Sun-flecked, disport beneath the azure sky,
Ere shortening days to parting flight alarm;
And through the trees, white-gleaming, to the farm
Slow wend the heifers at the herdsman's cry.
A glowing sea, yon fields of russet-gold
Stand, for the sickle ripe; and to the air
Now yielding, and in lengthened surges rolled,
Their greener depths reveal.—Oh! Earth is fair!
Nor aught more beautiful could Hope unfold,
Might those we love its beauty deathless share.

August 7, 1856.

SONNET.

"Salvete, . . . animæque umbræque paternæ!"—*Virgil.*

In silent thought has passed the summer day,
With none its course to quicken or to know,
Until the fervour of the sunset glow
Behind the wood shows every branch and spray
In burnished splendour. This, too, fades away;
And as the tints cerulean deeper grow,
Long streams of moonlight bathe the lawn below,
And white magnolias glisten in the ray.
Now, with the shades that dim the azure dome,
Ye come! who taught my childhood to revere
These sacred hours; and, though among the Dead
Long numbered, sure *ye* live! who from my home
With presence felt dispel its stillness drear
And o'er my heart a hallowed calmness shed.

August 10, 1856.

SONNET.

"Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo."—*Virgil.*

Autumnal stars! that gem the orient sky,
  And in whose golden characters I read
  The record of my years,—ye see them speed,
In aspect pale, with oft reverted eye
In the far-fading distance to descry
  Fair flowing streams their fertile waters lead
  By waving wood and flower-enamelled mead,
While arid wastes around and onward lie.
Yet, though no kindred voice the silence breaks,—
  And the long vacant hours, when day retires,
My languid pulse depress,—your bright return
  A mingled sense of sad delight awakes,
As lone I watch your still memorial fires
  In the blue depths with solemn splendour burn.

September 21, 1856.

THE TABLET.

TRANSLATED FROM CEBES.

"CEBES, a philosopher of Thebes, and a disciple of Socrates, is supposed to be the author of a beautiful allegorical piece, entitled 'THE TABLET,' representing a picture of human life. In its moral spirit and character this piece is truly Socratic, but it contains some sentiments which seem to have been borrowed from the Pythagorean school. Professor Meiners, in a 'Memoir' published in the fifth volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Gottingen,' urges several objections against the authenticity of this 'Tablet.' It savours more, he says, of the Stoical than of the Socratic school. He considers it, indeed, as a noble composition, pure in style, as well as in precept; anterior, also, to the decline of Grecian eloquence, and infinitely superior to all the other productions that have been falsely attributed to the early writers of the Socratic school; nevertheless, he is induced to pronounce that it was composed long after the time of Cebes. The author of this fable considers poetry, music, rhetoric, and all the

branches of mathematical science, as a fallacious philosophy, which has no tendency to render mankind wiser or better; an opinion which does not seem to be consistent with the tenets of the Socratic school. The learned Brucker, in his account of Cebes, has made several observations, which, if they do not entirely remove the objections, at least considerably diminish their force. Some interpolations have been supposed by the learned to have got into the text, perhaps from marginal notes in the manuscript; and the passage, from which Professor Meiners deduces his first and most important objection, has, with no small appearance of evidence, been considered by Fabricius as corrupt and suppositious. All the learned ancients, with one voice, attribute this philosophical fable to Cebes; and certainly, both with respect to beauty of composition and excellence of matter, it is worthy of the most flourishing period of Athenian philosophy and literature."—*Rees's Cyclopædia.*

THE TABLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF CEBES.

I.

Before the fane of Chronos, as we stood
  Viewing the votive offerings there exposed,
One tablet held us long in doubtful mood;
  Nor pictured camp, nor city it disclosed—
Though an enclosure vast, and in its bound
  Two more, the one within the other traced:
The first, a portal had, and pressing round
  For entrance, was a crowd; within it placed
Were female forms; and warning like a guide
Those who went in, an old man stood the gate beside.

II.

And while we mused, uncertain what it meant,
  An Elder thus addressed us :—" Not alone,
Strangers, to you seems hidden the intent
  Of yonder tablet ; nor to all 'tis known
E'en of the dwellers here. In years gone by
  A certain guest came hither—one of mind
To wisdom dedicate, and purpose high ;
  This fane he raised—these emblems, too, designed.
His life he seemed to order by the rule
Or of Parmenides, or of the Samian school."

III.

" Didst thou then see, and know him ? " I inquired.
  " I did," he said, " and heard him oft discourse
On subjects deep and various ; and admired
  That one, then young, should reason with such force.
These emblems, too, I heard him oft unfold."
  " By Jove, I then adjure thee," I replied ;
" Grant our desire to have the fable told,
  Unless by business, leisure be denied."
" Stranger, the time I grudge not, but beware !
Some danger still attends the knowledge ye would share."

IV.

"What is the danger?" "This: if ye shall heed,
And understand the lesson it conveys,
Ye will be wise and happy; but the rede
Misconstrued, wretchedness attends your days.
The Sphinx's riddle thus *his* fate involved
Who heard—two issues waited on his breath;
Life was for him who her enigma solved;
And for the dull or inattentive, death.
Now Ignorance is like a sphinx to man;
And if these emblems all forthshadowing in their plan

V.

"The ill, and good—the neither good nor ill—
He understand not, he becomes her prey:
Yet not at once doth she her victims kill—
In sufferings slow she wears their life away.
But if he hear aright, then she must die,
And he shall fortunate and happy live
Throughout his term of days: not carelessly
Listen ye, therefore, but attention give."
"O Hercules! thou kindlest our desires
To hear, and with the care the penalty inspires."

VI.

Then said the Elder, pointing with a wand,
"That first enclosure is of life the space;
The crowd ye see before the portal stand,
Go to assume in it their future place.
The old man who a scroll in one hand bears,
And with the other seems the path to show,
Is called of life the Genius, and declares
To all who enter whither they should go
And what to do, if they would good obtain."
"Where is, and what the way, by which they this may gain?"

VII.

"Observe beside the portal, on yon seat,
A woman—painted, and whose blandishments
And artful mien attest her name—Deceit.
A cup she has, which she to all presents
With look persuasive, ere they pass the gate."
"What does it hold?" "Error, and ignorance:
All drink—and more or less inebriate
With her delusions, they in life advance.
Within the gate, those female figures see,
Of aspect light and vain, in all variety—

VIII.

"These are Opinions, Pleasures, and Desires,
  Who spring to meet, and clasp the entering throng:
Each seizes one, who, as her will requires,
  In pleased captivity is led along."
"But whither are they led?" "To safety, some—
  And some to ruin. All these guides profess
Men to conduct, who at their bidding come,
  In the true path that leads to happiness;
While these, bewildered by the potion strong
Deceit has given, obey, unknowing right from wrong."

IX.

"Who is that woman on the circled stone
  Standing? she seems both sightless and distract."
"Fortune—nor sightless, nor distract alone
  Is she, but deaf." "What part is hers, to act?"
"She wanders, restless ever, up and down,
  And gives to these the gifts she takes from those;
Then straight resumes them, and her smile or frown,
  Random and transient, no distinction knows:
And by the sphere she stands on, is designed
Her foot's uncertain stay, and her inconstant mind."

X.

"Who are the persons that around her crowd,
And different passions in their looks express?
Some seem enraptured, some with sorrow bowed,
And some, with hands outstretched, implore redress."
"The Inconsiderate, eager to obtain
The gifts she scatters—and, while these they clasp,
They call her good—but evil, when again
What she had given she snatches from their grasp."
"What are her gifts?" "The things that most men deem
Good, such as riches, offspring, empire, rank, esteem."

XI.

"And are they not?" "We will deliberate
On this, hereafter—to the fable now.
The women ye perceive within the gate
Are, as their vesture and their air avow,
Intemperance, Flattery, Luxury, and Desire.
They watch for those whom Fortune has endowed,
Spring to embrace them, fondle and admire,
And promise unmixed joy in their abode,
Where reigns, they say, Voluptuousness alone,
And all the forms of care and labour are unknown.

XII.

"He who shall follow, to their voice inclined,
  Revels inebriate, while by them caressed;
Till coming to himself, himself he find
  Them not possessing, but by them possessed:
For, all that he received from Fortune's hand
  Exhausted, by these women is he held
In shameless bondage, and at their command
  To rob, deceive, defraud, betray, compelled;
And when their purpose he can serve no more,
To Punishment condign and dread they give him o'er.

XIII.

"Through yonder opening, in a caverned lair,
  Sordid and vile, observe those women three.
Anguish is she who wildly tears her hair,
  And Sorrow leans her head upon her knee.
The third is Punishment, who holds a scourge;
  And near her, Grief and blank Despair you see:
All these with torture, first their victim urge,
  Then drive him to the den of Misery,
In various wretchedness his days to wear,
Unless by happy chance Repentance find him there."

XIV.

"What then ensues?" "Repentance by his side
Other opinions and desires will place,
Who to True Discipline his feet will guide
And to the False. If he the first embrace,
Saved by her care, and from pollution freed,
Content and fortunate shall be his life;
If not, the second will his steps mislead."
"O Hercules! what perils still are rife!"
"False Discipline, beside yon second gate
Standing, you see, in aspect splendid and ornate.

XV.

"Her, for True Discipline the thoughtless take,
And, when escaped from Misery, hither come,
Deeming that progress towards the True they make."
"Is there no other road?" "There is—for some."
"Who are the men who in that circuit stay?"
"False Discipline's fond lovers, who the True
Believing her, here rest." "And what are they?"
"Poets and rhetoricians here you view—
Critics, arithmeticians, those who strike
The lyre, geometers, logicians, and the like."

XVI.

"The women—who resemble those you name
  Intemperance and her troop, in the first round—
With the men walking, who are they?" "The same."
  "The *same!* found *here!*" "By Jove! they here are found—
Though seldom in this circuit they intrude;
  Here Folly, too, and Ignorance you will meet;
For all the men you see are yet imbued
  With the strong potion given them by Deceit:
Nor in the studies here pursued they find
Aught from pernicious ills to purify the mind."

XVII.

"Where is the road to Discipline the True?"
  "Up yonder slope, scarce trod and desolate,
See you a rugged track, pursued by few,
  Tend to an opening like a narrow gate,
And this beyond, up to a craggy steep
  Laboriously still the pathway rise,
And here and there, those precipices deep?
  That is the road." "It terrifies the eyes."
"On that high rock abrupt, two women stand,
Fair, and robust in form, outstretching either hand;

XVIII.

"These Self-Control and Perseverance are,
  Who earnestly their hands to those extend
That on the rugged road have toiled thus far;
  And up the rock assist them to ascend.
The eminence surmounted, these they soothe
  With rest—and strength and confidence inspire;
And show them the remaining path how smooth
  And level, to the goal of their desire:
How pleasant—and from obstacles how clear."
"By Jove! as thou describest, such doth it appear."

XIX.

"Mark the third circle, on that meadow green
  And bloomy, near the grove." "I mark it well."
"There light diffusive sheds a day serene,
  And Happiness and all the Virtues dwell.
Upon a solid square, outside the gate,
  A female form you see, of age mature;
Her face is beautiful—her air sedate—
  And decent flows her vesture, plain and pure.
Her name is Discipline;—on either hand
Two, who her daughters are, Truth and Persuasion
    stand."

XX.

"But wherefore stands she on that quadrate stone?"
"To indicate how certain is the road
For those who her approach; and thus is shown
How sure the benefits by her bestowed.
For strength and confidence their spirit fill,
Assured the life they will thenceforward share
Shall never be assailed by direful ill."
"O Hercules! the gifts, in truth, are fair!
But why stands Discipline *without* the gate?"
"Those who go in with potion pure to defecate."

XXI.

"Why does she this?" "'Tis that they still retain
Dregs of the liquor given them by Deceit;
And Discipline must cleanse their every stain
Ere they the Virtues be prepared to meet.
From all remains of arrogance and ire,
Folly and error, ignorance and pride,
Intemperance, and inordinate desire,
And such like soil, they must be purified.
Observe, within the gate that bevy fair
Of women unadorned, artless in dress and air—

XXII.

"These are the Virtues—foremost of the band
  Stands Science—Justice then, and Fortitude;
Modesty, Order, Freedom, Self-Command,
  And Temperance, and Meekness self-subdued."
"O fair assemblage! and our hope how great!"
  "'Twill be fulfilled—if wisely ye attend,
And into habit weave what I relate."
  "This we will do." "Then safe will be your end."
"Now whither lead they him?" "Up yonder mound,
Like an Acropolis, centering the circuits round.

XXIII.

"*There* sits a beauteous woman on a throne—
  In rich adornment, but without excess;
Around her brow a wreath of flowers new-blown:
  That is their mother—she is Happiness.
Him, with her power they crown—as those returned
  From conquest with the victor's wreath are crowned."
"But by what conflict is this chaplet earned?"
  "The greatest—by a conflict that has bound
The foes to whom he subject was before,
And avarice, woe, intemperance, ne'er shall rule him
    more."

XXIV.

"O conflict great! and victory greater yet!
  But tell me of what power does he partake
Upon whose brow that coronal is set?"
  "The power his own felicity to make—
Thenceforward underived from outward source."
  "How beautiful the victory you portray!"
"The Virtues make him then retrace his course
  To view the wretched men, who, driven astray
By pride, intemperance, avarice, glory vain,
Still struggle to get free, but cannot break their chain.

XXV.

"Disastrous and disordered thus are spent
  Their days in servitude, and useless strife,
Because no heed they to the Genius lent
  Who showed the path to Happiness, in life."
"So it appears—but why should he return
  To whence he came?" "'Tis that when dwelling there
Nor right nor wrong, he clearly could discern,
  Nor foul, beheld as foul, nor fair, as fair:—
But all with clear distinction now descried,
His way he sees how good, and *theirs* from good how wide."

XXVI.

"These things contemplated, where goes he then?"
"Where'er he list—secure where'er he be—
And welcomed, as physicians by the men
Who health recover from their ministry."
"And fears he not that now those women fell
As beasts of prey, his quiet will molest?"
"No! for as those who vipers take, can quell
The poison, of an antidote possest,
So is *he* guarded safe from every snare
Intemperance who subjects, and Avarice, Grief, and Care."

XXVII.

"'Tis well explained—but who are they that come
Down from the hill? some crowned, whose looks express
Gladness—downcast and as rejected some,
Whom certain women follow and distress."
"The crowned, are those who straight the path pursued,
And Discipline the wreath for which they strove
Gave them; rejected some, and some subdued
By indolence, turn back, and aimless rove.
The women who beset them and embrace,
Dejection are, and Grief, and Ignorance, and Disgrace.

XXVIII.

"And when these men the first enclosure reach
  Where dwell Voluptuousness and gross Excess—
Not for their failure they themselves impeach,
  But Discipline—and scoffing words address
To votaries who towards her turn their face—
  And call them miserable who leave behind
The joys luxurious of their former place,
  Toil and obstructions on their way to find."
"What are the joys?" "Such—briefly to explain—
As those of herds stall-fed, or grazing on the plain."

XXIX.

"The other women tripping down the hill
  With cheerful countenances—who are they?"
"These are Opinions—who the office fill
  Of guides to Discipline—and lead the way
Sanctioned by her, to where the Virtues dwell:
  The mission ended, they, with smiling air
Others to aid, descend; and loudly tell
  How fortunate are such as enter there."
"Enter not *they* in that society?"
"No—for where Science is, Opinions cannot be.

XXX.

"These come and go like ships, that, the first charge
  Delivered, turn to bring another freight."
"The tablet has been now explained at large,
  But what the Genius at the outward gate
Says to the entering crowd, thou hast not told."
  "That which to you I say—'be firm in mind'—
What yet remains, I also will unfold—
  He bids them in that woman, seeming blind,
Named Fortune—standing on the rounded stone—
Trust not, nor deem of aught she gives them as their
    own.

XXXI.

"He tells them that as all she may bestow
  Is given at random, without thought or choice,
None, who her folly and caprices know
  Give she, or take, should sorrow or rejoice,
Resembling men who gold in trust receive,
  Then as their own regard it, and compelled
To yield it to its lawful owner, grieve,
  Forgetting it was but a loan they held—
But take her gifts as what they will be found—
And onward haste to seek a good more sure and sound."

XXXII.

"And this is what from Discipline they gain,
  Who safely reach her—knowledge of true good:
A gift assured—that they shall still retain
  Immutable amid vicissitude:
Therefore the Genius bids them onward press
  To reach her, and, unlistening, from their way
To spurn Intemperance and Voluptuousness:
  But with False Discipline awhile delay—
And taking from her whatsoe'er may tend
To help them on, their course straight towards the
    True to bend."

XXXIII.

"But what has she that can to this conduce?"
  "Letters—and other studies—these supplied
To youth, of curb and bridle have the use,
  To lead, nor let their steps be drawn aside."
"But must all those who Discipline would reach,
  Stop, as they pass, these studies to obtain?"
"No! for though useful be the things they teach
  To make us better men, their power is vain."
"What! am I thus to understand it, then,
That these contribute naught to make us better men?"

XXXIV.

"Naught—for without them goodness we may earn—
  Yet *useless* they are not—Interpreters
Help you the doubtful meaning to discern
  Of him who in a foreign tongue confers;
But for yourself, that tongue you may acquire,
  Nor need their aid, and goodness may attain,
Although unlearned." "Stand they, then, no higher
  In goodness, who the fame of learning gain?"
"How should they—when you see them fettered still
By vice, like common men, unknowing good from ill.

XXXV.

"Naught *him* preserves who Letters may possess,
  And be with all such studies deep imbued,
From treachery, injustice, and excess,
  Avarice or any other turpitude."
"So it would seem—but why should it be so?"
  "'Tis that they in the second circuit stay
As Discipline there dwelt—but others go
  Straight from the first, where all the vices sway,
And hasting to the third their goal attain,
While far behind the seeming wise and learned remain.

XXXVI.

"Were there no other cause why these are foiled,
  This were sufficient—they themselves persuade
They here have gained the end for which they toiled,
  And thinking thus, no progress hence is made.
Opinions, too, as with the crowd below,
  Here mixing free with learned men you find;
Nor will these better than the unlearned grow,
  Unless they shall be taught by change of mind,
That in False Discipline they have believed
As in the True, nor safe can be while thus deceived.

XXXVII.

"And ye, O Strangers! let my words descend
  Deep in your memories—let them fill your heart,
Until by easy habit they shall blend
  With all your acts, and be of life a part.
This to achieve, the lesson oft recall—
  Dwell on the subject—meditate the theme—
And all things else, whatever may befall,
  Compared with these, of no importance deem.
If thus ye do, ye happiness shall gain,
If not, the tale is told, and you have heard, in vain.

June, 1857.

SONNET.

Thou camest day by day with aspect bright,
  And year by year, to sit my hearth beside,—
  Else silent—careless if in vernal pride
Earth smiled, or death-like slept in snow-shroud white,
Till mortal ailments held thee; but their blight
  Reached not thy mind, whose cheerful strength defied
  The ravages that rest and sleep denied,
Yet failed to quench its clear, unwavering light.
Then, through slow months—her tendance to relieve—
  On Sabbath nights thy hand-maid duly brought,
By thee devised, some words of import small—
  Years have revolved—but on the sacred eve
To the sad past borne in unquestioned thought,
  I seem to wait again her wonted footstep's fall.

December 21*st*, 1856.

SONNET.

"Parcæ meliora benignâ
Pensa manu ducant hilares, et staminis alba."

Ye sisters three! whose awful shrines, of yore,
With cedrine fires of sacrifice were spread,
And who in fleece enwreathed around your head
Sleep-breathing flower, the fair Narcissus wore—
The pictured emblem in poetic lore
Of life dependent on your fine-spun thread,
And of the sleep profound that wrapped the Dead
When your revolving spindle turned no more—
A dusky tint, dimming each brighter hue,
From first your distaff gave me, till, like night,
Like starless night, the dreary line ye twined;
But now—the little left, in smoother clue,
Though pale and rayless as your chaplet white,
With gentler brow ye draw, and hand more kind.

December 24th, 1856.

SONNET.

To W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S., &c., on lending him my father's letters.

Novissimâ in luce
Desideravêre aliquid oculi tui.
Tacitus.

These cherished records of a father's care—
In kindliest words on every page confest—
And of the love that warms a husband's breast,
Bowman, methought, thy sympathy might share:
For thus wouldst thou forewarn of hidden snare
Youth's heedless step, with careless pride imprest
On dangerous paths, and the weak heart to rest
On higher aid than earth can yield, prepare.
And thou, as he, tender, and wise, and pure,
But happier—nor in absence doomed to fear
That those thou lovest be to ills exposed,
Wilt feel—while these around thee smile, secure—
For him, whose dying eyes some aspect dear
Sought, but in vain, and were by strangers closed.

December 27th, 1856.

SONNET.

Dubiæ—crepuscula lucis.
OVID.

Quod videant oculi, nil, nisi littus, habent.
OVID.

THEIR vests of sun-bright tissue laid aside,
—Wont on the eye in varying ray to glance—
In sober stole I mark the Hours advance
The parting year attending: mute they glide,
While leafless tree, and mead, and æther wide
Darken—and faint as in a slumbrous trance
The red-breast's notes the pensive charm enhance
Of doubtful shades that eve from night divide.
And in this cold repose such calm I find,
As feels the mariner on desert shore
—The conflict passed, that heart and strength subdued—
When lulled the turbulence of wave and wind,
And the now distant storm resounds no more
In the sad stillness of his solitude.

December 31*st*, 1856.

SONNET.

Lord! let me know mine end, and the measure of my days; that I may know how frail I am.

PSALM xxxix.

SUCH were the words that—with the organ's sound
  Full-pealing—met thee, to the hallowed shrine
  O'er-awed, approaching pale: were thoughts, then
    thine,—
Rendering thy young emotion more profound—
Of the foreboding shadows gathered round,
  Dim stealing o'er thy prospect's waning shine,
  And warning thee, reluctant! to resign
Hopes soon to rest beneath thy grassy mound!
I know not—pitying eyes beheld thy brow
  Of ashy hue, and pitying lips portrayed
Thy numbered days fast tending to their verge:
  I heard, indifferent—but, ever, now—
Though passed a life—these solemn words upbraid,
  Like mournful echoes from thy early dirge.

February 1st, 1857.

SONNET.

On reading an Address to the Students of King's College Hospital. By W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S.

Μαχάων—
Ἰητρὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιος ἄλλων,
Ἰούς τ' ἐκτάμνειν, ἐπί τ' ἤπια φαρμάκα πασσειν.

Homer.

He who beholds from skies of sullen hue
  Through sudden fissure stream a golden ray,
  Knows that, in longer space or brief delay,
The fount of light, there hidden from his view
Will the dense cloud—forthshining clear—subdue,
  And all obscuring shadows chased away,
  Show every object of its wide survey
Exact in form, and in its colours true.
Thus, Bowman, waiting till the silent pride
  Of thy reserve should melt—I see, at length,
All I foreknew beneath its veil concealed;
  And science free with faith divine allied,
And truth serene, and wisdom calm in strength,
  In this fair reflex of thy mind revealed.

February, 1857.

SONNET.

Τί γὰρ παρ' ἦμαρ ἡμερὰ τερπειν ἐχει.
Αιας.

Void as its channel when the brook is low—
  The stream exhausted by the summer's fire—
  Dim as the altar when its flames expire
Beneath the silent ashes widening slow,
My shapeless hours no living changes know
  Of hope, and fear, aversion, and desire,
  Nor—like the wind-waked music of the lyre—
Does thought evoked by thought, harmonious flow.
From the waste present in the varied past.
  Mother! to thee I turn—for thus didst thou
Count wearily thy steps to life's decline:
  O pity, love, and grief then mingling fast,
Quicken my heart's dull throbbing—conscious now,
  Alas! too late! of all that weighed on thine.

March 11*th*, 1857.

SONNET.

Ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασις ἐστιν ἑταίρου.
HOMER.

FAIR are the colours on the tranquil lake
  Of woods and skies, in liquid beauty shown;
  But fairer those the skies and woodlands own
And the charmed eye with deeper rapture take:
And sweet the faint-heard strain the echoes make,
  Floating, from distant rock, o'er vallies lone;
  But sweeter still the music's breathing tone
That bade the mimic melody awake.
And joy there is on lettered page to find
  Recorded thoughts that kindred thoughts inspire,
And fruitful light for sterile gloom diffuse;
  Yet what are these, to the quick power of mind
Vocal, or flashed in glance of lightning-fire,
  But music echoed and reflected hues?

March 16*th*, 1857.

SONNET.

O to my solitude, thrice welcome, Spring!
  On arid wastes thy gleaming showers descend,
  Instilling verdure; and the brightness lend
Of opening buds to ivies sad that cling
Round some deserted ruin: thou dost bring
  A gladness e'en to me, while I attend
  The melodies the thrush and woodlark blend,
As joyous in the lingering light they sing.
O'er the late-russet groves a stealing bloom
  Deepens, of varying shade: the air is balm—
Quick flits the bat, waked by the vernal year.
  Jacinths and sweet-briar scent the dewy gloom,
And on the darkening earth, a solemn calm
  Diffusing, beam the stars in ether clear.

April, 1857,

SONNET.

The orient wind that the dense foliage fanned
  And heaved the heavy branches surging slow,
  Subsides, and scarce is heard in murmurs low;
And while the heavens that, late, with brightness spanned
The earth, grow dim, northward, in masses stand
  The shadowed trees—and the rich sunset glow
  On the horizon lingering, parted, show
Like fissured cliffs dark on a wave-worn strand.
Stillness and beauty on the landscape rest
  Hushed in the sabbath twilight, and their balm,
Like dew on withered grass, comes o'er my mind,
  And, vocal words by solitude represt,
In silent gratitude I bless the calm,
  Though with the hour it fleet, that now I find.

June 12*th*, 1857.

SONNET.

Darkly at eve I saw the vapours crowd,
  Their gloom disparted by a silent flash
  Remote—at midnight now, with rending crash
Bursts the deep thunder's roar, redoubling loud
O'er the firm roof, while ceaseless from the cloud
  Flames the blue lightning, and against the sash
  Beat the high branches of the trembling ash,
Strained in the gale, and by the storm-rain bowed.
But dawn with music wakes—and sunbeams bright
  Play on the Acacia, from whose pendulous flower
Scent, as from orange blooms, perfumes the air:
  And hearts that quailed when the dead sounds of night,
Like "wind, and fire, and earthquake," spoke of power,
  In morn's "still voice" rejoice, for love is there.

June 21*st*, 1857.

LUCIAN.

JUPITER, HERCULES, AND ÆSCULAPIUS OR ASCLEPIUS.

I.

J. "HAVE done! nor wrangle thus like men at odds,
Asclepius and Alcides, here before us:
Such manners with the banquets of the gods
Are incompatible—and indecorous."
H. "Wouldst thou this Drugster, then, a place allow,
Jove, above *me?*" *A.* "*I* better am than thou."

II.

H. "In what? thou thunderstricken! in, that doing
What thou shouldst not, Jove's lightning thee arrested?
'Twas but compassion, on his wrath ensuing,
Thee with *thy* immortality invested."
A. "Forgettest thou, me with that lightning blaming,
Alcides, Œta's fires around *thee* flaming?"

III.

H. "Our course on earth was neither like, nor equal—
The son of Jove, great labours I sustained
To cleanse polluted life, and, in their sequel,
Monsters I slew, and tyrants fell restrained.
Whilst thine was passed—not noble deeds achieving—
In roots dissecting, and the sick relieving."

IV.

A. "Thou sayest well—for when, thy flesh adured
By poisoned vest, by funeral pyre half roasted,
Hither thou camest, all thy burns I cured:
And I—of nothing else if I have boasted—
I never carded wool, nor bore the scandal
Of spinning, beaten by a golden sandal;

V.

"Nor purple wore, nor, sense and reason failing,
Destruction on my wife and children brought."
H. "Soon shalt thou learn, unless thou cease thy railing,
If immortality avail thee aught!
From heaven I'll hurl thee down—and, headlong falling,
Thy fractured skull shall baffle Pæon's calling."

VI.

J. "Have done! again I say—and sit in quiet—
Or from the banquet I dismiss you both,
For discomposing our celestial diet—
But thou, O Hercules, shouldst not be loth
To suffer Æsculapius, as is meet,
Since first he died, to take the foremost seat."

June, 1857.

This farcical representation of the tendency of even great men to depreciate, though they may benefit from them, pursuits widely different from their own, involves the grave truth, that "the mind is its own place," and that human passions carried to the banquet of the gods, disqualify their possessors for the enjoyment of it.

LUCIAN.

DIOGENES AND POLLUX.

I.

D. "Pollux, I charge thee when thou goest on earth
—Thy turn I think will come to-morrow morning—
To seek Menippus, whom—with mocking mirth
Wrangling Philosophers as usual scorning—
Thou mayst at Corinth find, in the Craneum,
Or else in Attica, at the Lyceum;

II.

"And tell him, when he satiate is with laughter
Above, more food is found for it below;
There 'tis equivocal, for what comes after
Life, men conjecture, but they do not know;
But *here*, no question with his mirth contending,
'Twill be, like mine, unfettered and unending;

III.

"Chiefly, their rank and riches to surrender
Compelled, when Kings and Satraps he espies
—Their spirits made by luxury mean and tender—
Distinguished only by their groans and cries.
And bid him in his wallet bring enough
Of pulse, or lustral egg—or some such stuff."

IV.

P. "This will I tell to him, Diogenes—
But say what he is like—how shall I know him?"—
D. "He's bald and old, and—more—his cloak of frieze
Pervious to wind, and motley-patched, will show him:
And ever those Philosophers infesting,
No rest he gives them from his bitter jesting."

V.

P. "Him, by these tokens, I shall soon discover."
D. "Wilt thou some words, too, carry to that bevy,
Those men, each styling himself Wisdom's lover?"
P. "I will—for neither this shall I find heavy."
D. "Then tell them, once for all, to cease contention
On every kind of subject one can mention:

VI.

"Nor with the horns of their dilemmas gore one—
Nor with their crocodiles sound reason stifle—
Nor youth with captious questions teach to bore one,
And, like their Teachers, strenuously to trifle."
P. "But they will ignorant and undiscerning
Call me, if thus I criticize their learning."

VII.

D. "Bid them, from me, go howl!" *P.* "They shall be bidden."
D. "And, dearest Pollux, to the rich men say,
'Why watch ye thus, ye fools! o'er treasures hidden,
And reckoning interest wear your lives away,
When soon, of all the wealth ye now are heaping
Hither ye come, one obolus only, keeping.'"

VIII.

P. "It shall be said." *D.* "And tell the strong and fair,
Megillus, and Demoxenus, athletes,
That black, or azure eyes, or auburn hair,
Here are not found—and bloom of colour fleet is.
Here well strung nerves, and shoulders broad lie humbled,
And the once graceful head in dust is crumbled."

IX.

P. "This to the fair and strong will I convey."
D. "And tell the Poor, their wants and their disasters
Lamenting, that, distinctions done away,
They here will all be equal with their masters.
And, if thou wilt, thy Lacedæmones
Reproach, for me, with loving too much ease."

X.

P. "The other messages I've no objections
To carry, and to whom thou wilt, declare them—
But on the Lacedæmones, reflections
Make none, Diogenes, I will not bear them."
D. "Pass we thy Spartans, then, if such thy pleasure—
But take to all the rest their proper measure."

July, 1857.

SONNET.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque fessus quærit.

HORACE.

WELCOME the eve of summer's ardent day
  Now lingering on the upland's tawny sheaves:
  What stillness reigns! how motionless the leaves
—Untimely withered in the arid ray—
Lie, russet, where the ivy's trailing spray
  Its glossy web in green expansion weaves;
  Nor, through the grove, a sound the air receives,
Save from the woodpecker and blue-winged jay.
But twilight stealing glooms along the dell—
  And flocks that rested, white, within the shade,
As fleece-clouds in the azure sky of noon,
  Revive—and now is heard the tinkling bell
As wide they pasture in the dewy glade
  Beneath the radiance of the brightening moon.

August 1, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Præclari Aristoteles, si essent, inquit

In domes the earth beneath, which art had striven
  To form in structure splendid and ornate,
  Had men lived always—of no other state
Conscious—suppose a sudden passage riven,
The Grecian says—and egress hither, given—
  Sure—while they view with wonder elevate,
  The mountains rise, the seas and skies dilate,
The floating clouds, the winds in tempest driven,
The sun diffusing day in golden light,
  And, when the wings of darkness earth infold,
The moon arise, and stars fire-breathing shine,
  And learn that all these orbs their courses bright,
Immutable, eternally have rolled,
  "Gods," they would say, "there are! and these
    their works divine!"

August 9th, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

In animi cognitione, dubitare non possumus

We cannot doubt, when we reflect on mind,
—Unless in Nature's laws we are untaught—
  That no admixture is it—nothing wrought
From different elements awhile confined
In union: what is simple in its kind
  Can never be divided or distraught,
  And therefore cannot die—for death is nought
But separation of things once combined.
By such reflections Socrates sustained
  —And the bold freedom of a lofty soul—
Deigned not his judge to melt with suppliant cries,
  Freedom refused that should by flight be gained,
And spoke—about to drink the poisoned bowl—
  As one, to death not driven, but mounting to the skies.

August 16, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Hic ego non miror

SHALL I not wonder that there are who hold
  This world, with all its pomp of beauty rare,
  To be produced without design or care,
From moving atoms by no sense controlled?
As well believe that alphabets of gold
  Thrown on the ground, innumerous, anywhere,
  Self-marshalled would, in words and order fair,
Into the annals be of Ennius rolled.
I doubt that chance could thus *one* line arrange—
  But if these atoms that no power possess
Of plastic energy, nor colour own,
  Make worlds on worlds by ceaseless random change,
Why make they not for us—the work were less—
  A city—temple—dome—or portico, alone?

August 19, 1857.

SONNET.

Diversi niteant cùm mille colores,
Transitus ipse tamen, spectantia lumina fallit.

OVID.

SISTER, we gazed, long since, on evening skies
  Brilliant as these, when clouds diverging bright
  From the horizon to the azure height
Flushed the calm æther with their changing dyes;
And as we gazed, I questioned if *his* eyes
  From the thronged city saw them. Summer's night
  O'er earth transparent steals, though gorgeous light
Yet on the clouds, awakening memory, lies.
Those herds that graze while grateful freshness falls,
  Through the dark trees the silent water's gleam
That the rich colouring of the heavens has caught
  Would please—but memory sadness still recalls,
For both are gone—departed like a dream—
  Thou, who wast near—and he, of whom I thought.

August 27, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM PLATO.

Καλὸν γαρ τὸ ἆθλον, καὶ ἡ ελπις μεγάλη.

PHÆDON.

SIMMIAS—the man who throughout life has tried
  His soul to guard from sensual pleasures free,
  Scorning the trivial cares of luxury
As ministrant to mere corporeal pride
And foreign to *her* nature—may confide
  That *this* imperishable is: and he
  Who thus, with freedom and sobriety,
Justice and truth, her powers has fortified
—Her best adornment—till the hour advance
  When Destiny shall call, and bid him rise
To make his voyage to the unseen state,
  Will with the music of these thoughts entrance
Himself, as by a spell—for fair the prize,
  The strife is noble, and the hope is great.

September 1, 1857.

SONNET.

Et lætæ pecudes et ovantes gutture corvi.

VIRGIL.

DEEP pealed the thunder on the noon of day,
  And heavy fell the dense and frequent shower—
  But freshness comes calm with the evening hour,
And clear the drops lie glittering on the spray:
Quiet and glad, slow in the meadow stray
  The kine, and, as I pass them, pause, and lower,
  While steeds, exultant, o'er the pastures scour,
With step resounding, and in graceful sway.
Of skies serene presageful, clamouring loud
  High wheel the rooks, in dusky mazes rolled,
Then seek the shadowy grove with rushing sound;
  And, as the sun beams from a parted cloud,
The trees, wind-waved, like fires of quivering gold
  Blaze—and new fragrance breathes the humid ground.

September 7, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Nihil in malis ducamus

NOUGHT that the Gods, or Nature's laws ordain
—Nature, the general mother—call we ill:
Chance formed us not, but a benignant will
Exerted to create us and sustain;
Nor were we framed and nourished to remain
Awhile on earth, and, having laboured still
Its toils to bear, and offices fulfil,
Then sink in death's eternal night again.
A haven, rather, deem it, of repose
From storms and dangers—with expanded sail
Oh might we to that certain refuge flee!—
And since each bark *must* there its voyage close,
Or soon or late, as varying winds prevail,
Can that, for all decreed, to one an evil be?

September 10, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION FROM CICERO.

Ex ipsa hominum solertia

We must infer from *our* intelligence
  One higher, and divine: our mortal frame
  Composed from earth and water, air and flame,
Avows the elements that, all, dispense
Their portion to its being; but not thence
  That which their nature far surpasses, came:
  The sense we judgment, reason, prudence name,
Where found we this? Have we derived it? Whence?
That power exists eternal and supreme,
  And to be worshipped—both by earth and skies
In beauty and in harmony is taught;
  And the best worship of the Gods, I deem,
The reverence that a holy mind supplies,
  Unsullied, as in utterance, so in thought.

September 13, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Sit igitur jam hoc a principio

To recognize as truth that o'er us reign
  Gods, of all worship from the human race
  Worthy, is of society the base
Most sure—and to believe—while they maintain
The general course of nature—that each stain
  Of ill permitted in the mind, they trace,
  And mark whose heart—accordant with his face—
Feels the true piety that others feign.
Who will deny the good this faith confers,
  If he reflect how oft the sacred rite
To word and treaty gives the sanction due—
  How dread of wrath divine from guilt deters—
How pure should be *their* actions who invite
  The Gods as witnesses, and judges, too?

September 13, 1857.

SONNET.

Ὤμοι τί παθω
Δῆτ' ἐγὼ σύ τε, μᾶτερ.

MOTHER—these hours, when first I saw the light,
Recall thine image; oft I heard thee say
That death and life long held disputed sway
O'er my incipient being: morn and night
A mother's care, a mother's tender might
Watched and prevailed: while I the past survey,
Oh could I feel that in thy waning day
My care had equal proved, thine to requite!
Through the lone twilight falls the ceaseless rain—
No friendly voice now hails the coming year
With words auspicious—memory sad reviews
Sorrows and joys, a pale and mingled train—
But, chief, the thought, that as my life is drear
Such too was thine, my heart with grief subdues.

September 14, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Illud "γνωθι σεαυτον," &c.

The precept, "know thyself," would not assign
  A boundary, merely, to untempered pride,
  But teach thee—all thy faculties descried—
To deem thy reasoning principle divine:
And this, thy bosom hallowing as a shrine
  By some celestial symbol sanctified,
  Will, like the sacred presence, there preside,
Prompt all thine actions, and thy thoughts refine.
He who himself observes attent, discerns
  Perceptions true of all things, on his mind
In shadowy forms, by Nature's hand imprest;
  And as these luminous become, he learns
Virtue, by Wisdom's guidance sure, to find;
  And he, whom both inspire, must, thence, be blest.

November 25, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

Nam cum animus, cognitis perceptisque

When by the soul is every virtue known,
And every sense obedient to her reign;
When—to her beauty as a noisome stain—
Voluptuousness she shuns; nor friends alone
In kindness meets, but can as kindred own
All those conjoined by nature's common chain;
When abject fears of suffering and of pain—
And e'en the dread of death—aside are thrown;
When she the gods adores, and by the light
Of pure religion every action tries,
Viewing its character with keen survey,
The evil to reject and choose the right,—
A truer bliss than such a state supplies
Can words express, or thought itself portray?

November 28, 1857.

SONNET.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM CICERO.

The elements no contribution lend
  To form the soul: earth, water, air, and fire
  No properties inherit to inspire
The various powers that in her being blend:
The thoughts that o'er futurity extend,
  And all the present in their grasp acquire,
  And to the still-subjected past retire,—
These are divine, and must from God descend.
Distinct from all things to our senses known,
  And in its nature singular, the mind—
The living principle, whate'er it be—
  That in us reasons, wills, and knows, must own
Celestial origin; and there we find
  An earnest of its immortality.

December 4, 1857.

SONNET.

Though o'er the harp a dark and stormy sky
  Have frowned, and winter's dreary winds have blown,
  Waking but discords harsh, or wailing moan,
Till the worn strings untuned and loosened lie;
If gentler airs along the ruin sigh,
  The trembling chords the wonted influence own,
  And yield, in broken strain and fainter tone,
Notes that recall its long past melody.
Thus, while the sun's unclouded fire subsides
  In amethystine mist, whose darkening hue
Purples the wood, and o'er the tranquil scene
  An arc of pearly light the crescent glides,
The lonely charm my youthful feelings knew
  Again comes o'er them in its power serene.

December 24, 1857.

SONNET.

Est quidem vera lex, recta ratio

Right reason is on every mind imprest,—
  A law with nature congruous,—there to reign
  Immortal and supreme; ill to restrain
By menaces, and duties to suggest:
The good, obedient, act on its behest;
  And its monitions though the bad disdain,
  Senate and people would attempt in vain
To solve its sanctions, or its power arrest.
No learned interpreter this law demands;
  The same it is at Athens as at Rome;
As first it bound, it shall hereafter bind,
  One for all nations, centuries, and lands;
And God, who framed, awards and makes it known,
  By this instructs and governs all mankind.

SONNET.

FROM A PASSAGE IN CICERO.

The doom by human judgment-seats decreed
  May be evaded: in the world's young prime
  These were not, nor are now, in every clime,
Nor where they are, condign and equal meed
Assign they, always, to the impious deed;
  But dire remorse pursues flagitious crime,
  And harrowing anguish—nor can place nor time
Avail the haunting vengeance to impede.
His conscience who defies, himself forsakes—
  Degrades his nature, and within shall bear
His torture, though unmarked by outward brand:
  For sense of guilt distracted terror wakes,
And arms the Furies that around him glare,
  Sit by his hearth, and on his threshold stand.

SONNET.

From the green meads a dewy verdurous light,
  Reflected on the trees, a radiance weaves
  Of bloom so fair, that winter scarce bereaves
The woodland of its beauty, and the sight
Rests on it, gladdened: flowers of crimson bright
  Yet deck the terrace, where the air just heaves
  The verdant drapery of the woodbine's leaves,
And yet the rose unfolds her petals white.
Where sank the sun, a rubious saffron glow
  Half girdles the horizon, deepening still
As fades the azure of the æther clear,
  And earth in duskier shadow rests below;
While in its solemn splendour, calm and chill,
  Comes the last evening of the closing year.

December 31, 1857.

SONNET.

And must I, then, resign these silent halls,
  Where memory, in their shadowy depth appears
  Tracing the records of departed years
In mystic characters along the walls?
Seasons serene her pencil now recalls,—
  Now troubled skies, and trembling hopes and fears,—
  And now the bolt quenching the fount of tears,
And the place sacring where it fateful falls.
My days have hasted by; yet here I find
  The vestiges that mark their onward way,
Like foot-prints left upon a desert strand:
  Life has for me no future,—here enshrined
The hallowed past reposes; can I say,
  "Rise, and go with me to a stranger land"?

January, 1858.

SONNET.

φλέγοιθ' ὑπ' ἄστροις οὐρανόν.

Ye starry glories of the azure deep,
—That still unchanged in brilliance meet my gaze,—
When waves of time the vestiges erase
Of all the loved on earth, in whelming sweep,
Eyes that survey the weltering waste, and weep,
At length look upward through the tearful haze,
And, by your splendour held in rapt amaze,
Watch how in circling light your course ye keep.
Then those whom ye recall—though lost to view,—
With you associate in remembrance dear
Seem to partake of your existence calm;
While thoughts that, else, the lonely heart imbue
With grief embittered, come, when ye appear,
Diffusing solemn peace and healing balm.

February 4th, 1858.

SONNET.

Repellit
Ver hiemem, Piscique Aries succedit aquoso.
OVID.

I WATCH the lessening night and lengthening day
And think of thee, my mother! These restore
The simple pleasure that we felt of yore,
Hastening the pure refection to display
Ere mimic light should quench the vernal ray
Lingering on fruits the field and garden bore,
And India's steaming leaves—we asked no more,
Blest with the daily gift for which we pray.
Then round the hearth, whose flames bright-wavering shone,
We gathered, and the broidered web I wrought
Whilst thou would read the tale of Ilium's woes.
Oh, hours of deeper bliss my heart has known,
But still to those, with calm enjoyment fraught,
Turns, in their youthful peace to find repose!

March 21*st*, 1838.

SONNET.

δία δὲ στέρνων φόβος ἀίσσει.
EURIPIDES.

BRING me not tearful histories of woe
  Unless my hand can wipe the tears away.
  Youth, in the fervour of its sun-bright day,
Welcomes the clouds that fleeting shadow throw
Tempering the brilliance—and the gentle flow
  Of sorrow—and the thrall of pale dismay—
  And gazes, rapt, while pictured scenes display
Ills that, yet, pictured only, it can know.
But he who has beheld beside him fall
  Kindred and friend on life's fierce battle plain,
Or tempest-driven, wrecked, helpless, on the shore,
  Though prompt the scathed to succour, turns from all
That his worn heart would, idly, wring again,
  And shudders if but heard the thunder's distant roar.

April, 1858.

STANZAS.

Sub incertas, zephyris motantibus, umbras.
VIRGIL.

STREAMS o'er the chestnut trees the western wind
Lifting, with rushing sound, their flowing sprays
Crested by surging flowers
Like green waves tipped with foam—

And from the elm its tufted leaflets sheds,
That floating on the air, a circling shower,
Thick on the shaded path
In soft profusion fall.

Sway the long drooping tresses of the larch,
By russet cones—fruit of the parted year—
Down-weighed, and bright with buds
Of verdurous rubied hue.

The fir-trees spread a burnished canopy,
While in the sun's red rays their furrowed shafts
By glittering ivy wreathed
Like beryl columns stand.

Small roses by the pillared porch entwine
Their clusters pale, and through the feathery leaves
Flushes the crimson rose
Like eve's empurpled cloud.

Fragrance pervades the terrace, wafted wide
From laurel thicket—from the golden blaze
Of gorse, and from the net
The vermeil Daphne weaves.

A shower has passed—leaving on trees and lawns
Its humid splendour; and from glittering boughs
The birds in various notes
Their gushing carols pour.

Music and odours sweet an effluence breathe
Of pleasure so refined, the subtile charm
Steals through each captive sense,
And holds, entranced, the soul.

As through the desert glides a silent stream,
Reflecting but the azure tint of heaven,
In solitude my days
Thus silently flow on.

But though the intercourse I may not share
Of mind, in living echoes, or revealed
In glance whose sudden light
Reflects the light it meets,

Sad thoughts the charm but temper, not subdue—
As the long shadows, now the sun descends,
Dim, but not quench the glow
O'er this illumined scene.

May 22nd, 1858.

STANZAS.

To C. P.

Jam subeunt anni fragiles, et inertior ætas.
OVID.

When on the dear familiar face
  We mark the bloom of youth decay,
A tenderer charm, a softer grace
  Succeeds the beauty passed away:
The lines of care, the shade of thought,
  — Of care and thought together known—
A deeper love the heart have taught
  Than e'er was waked by youth alone.

So when the radiant hours of day
  Beyond our view have hastened on,
We prize the tempered, pensive ray
  That, lingering, tells of glory gone:
From morn to noon, from noon to eve,
  We saw it shine, increase, and fade;
Nor at the gradual changes grieve
  That nature's equal course has made.

But when far space, and lengthened years
  The friends of early life divide,
And daily pleasures, hopes, and fears
  Its separate currents have denied,
If late, it chance they meet, the change
  By each unimaged, unforeseen,
Perplexes in confusion strange
  With aspects past, the present mien.

Though true, affection be, and kind,
  The looks that spoke, in days of old,
The quick response of heart and mind,
  We see abstracted, sad, or cold;
And feel—whate'er the shades that veil
  The flash of once light-darting eyes—
As if a sudden twilight pale
  Had quenched the morn's refulgent rise.

Thou camest—when my dawning spring
  By grief was reft of vernal bloom—
Like Iris, from her dewy wing
  Diffusing brightness through the gloom:
Long years have passed—like April skies
  That cloud and sunshine bring to all—
And still on thee the sunshine lies,
  And still on me the shadows fall.

Friend of my life! though *this* has flowed
  Apart, and distant from thy side,
The joy thy friendship first bestowed
  Yet gleams upon its silent tide;
And though we ne'er may speak again
  With gladsome voice the welcomed name,
Unchanged in memory we remain,
  And e'en in aspect still the same.

May 30th, 1858.

SONNET.

Εισόκε—
δύῃ τ' ἠέλιος, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἱερὸν ἔλθῃ.
HOMER.

THROUGH the dense foliage flames of crimson glow
  Wide o'er the west, while the transparent gloom
  Of twilight dims the verdure's varying bloom
On lawn and grove: fair droop in plume-like flow
The tall acacia's branches, waving slow
  The floating flowers that every spray illume
  With pearly brightness, and their sweet perfume
Far on the dewy air, diffusive, throw.
My steps I stay to watch the fervid flush
  Faint and more faint, to paly amber fade,
And hark the cuckoo—still unseen though nigh—
  And the rich music of the joyous thrush,—
And then, as silence fills the nearer shade,
  Distant along the wood the night-hawk's cry.

June 9th, 1858.

SONNET.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

"A true, objective world, presided over by a mighty Spirit, who, in making our minds the mirror of his own, has enabled us, in gazing on the mirror, to refer the reflection to the reality."

"Lectures on Ancient Philosophy," by W. A. BUTLER.

TRUTH is existence, in whatever way
  Imparted by its Author: when we find
  Laws and relations that all beings bind
The truth of outward nature we survey:
We learn it from the ocean's surging sway,
  The song of birds, the lightning's flash, the wind
  Rending the forest, and when breathing kind
Flowers it evolves beneath the skies of May.
In tracing its own laws, the mind pursues
  Their origin, and, this discovered, knows
Itself, of the Great Cause an image dim
  Yet true;—as on the lake the lucid hues
—While calm the sun in steady splendour glows—
  Though broken all and tremulous, stream from him.

June 13*th*, 1858.

SONNET.

ἄκραντ' ὀδύρει.
EURIPIDES.

WHILE wanders o'er the past discursive thought
  What prompts this sudden pang and deep-drawn sigh?
  Not visions fair of years long hastened by
That peace and gladness with their presence brought—
But the bright look, pale-fading as it caught
  The careless glance of an unanswering eye—
  The mute expression, when a brief reply
Met earnest words that genial converse sought.
Departed bliss, like those with whom it died,
  The hallowed stillness of the tomb partakes,
And rests beneath the shade around it thrown;
  But pain, unmeant yet given, too late descried,
With living power remorseful anguish wakes,
  For tears that mourn the wrong can ne'er atone.

June 19th, 1858.

SONNET.

Sacra fero, ingenti perculsus amore.
VIRGIL.

INGRATE it seems to let the summer day
  In pomp of music sweet and brilliant hues
  By twilight followed and its freshening dews,
Unsung and unrecorded pass away—
But how can harmony of words portray
  The breathing influences that now infuse
  The heart with rapture still, while joy imbues
Each wakened sense submitted to their sway?
Yet though in vain would language seek to tell
  Of Nature's charm,—as sun-beams and as showers
In silence weave o'er earth its grateful green,
  The unmarked working of her subtile spell
May to the lonely mind, and voiceless hours,
  Her own composure bring, and peace serene.

June 22nd, 1858.

STANZAS.

θάνατος καταθύμιος ἔσται.
HOMER.

THE summer skies are glowing,
  But through the lofty grove
In rills of freshness flowing
  The orient breezes rove;
And woodbines, near, are wreathing
  The clusters, amber-dyed,
That luscious fragrance breathing
  Diffuse it far and wide.

Where noontide radiance blazing
  Scarce flecks the woodland glade,
Are youngling heifers, grazing,
  Or resting in the shade;
And where the wavelets swaying
  Lave the gray aspen's root,
Through rippled sunbeams, playing,
  The glittering fishes shoot.

Acacia flowers are falling,
  —A pale and floating cloud—
The distant cuckoo calling
  Another answers, loud;
The singing birds are vicing
  In rapturous music sweet,
And sportive pinions flying
  Sweep fearless by my feet.

The cistus blooms, whose brightness
  Unfolded to the dawn,
Like snow flakes, now, in whiteness
  Lie scattered o'er the lawn;
And summer light is streaming
  Around—a glorious girth—
And life and joy are teeming
  From water, air, and earth.

But while spontaneous pleasure
  Springs, genial, in the mind,
A death-bell's solemn measure
  Comes, mournful, on the wind;
Thus sad—its shadow stealing
  O'er Arcady's fair scene,
A tombstone stood, revealing
  That Death, e'en there, had been.

To work, the spirit willing,
  Discursive flights would take,
And worthy aims fulfilling,
  Its wonted efforts make;
But, as the bow that's broken,
  When drawn, will start aside,
I find, by many a token,
  Its power to soar denied.

Long past life's dewy morning
  Now eve succeeds to noon;
Composed, I hear the warning
  That night will follow soon:
The day has had its gladness,
  Its anguish dark and deep,
But joy, outworn, and sadness
  Both welcome peaceful sleep.

June 26th, 1858.

STANZAS.

Sera rubens accendit lumina vesper."
VIRGIL.

"Ardere videntur
Lampades, et rutilis collucere ignibus ædes."
OVID.

SLOW, from yon tower, the solemn chimes
  Proclaim the flight of twilight hours,
While in the shadowy grove of limes
  I breathe the fragrance of their flowers:
On terrace, woodland, mead, and dell,
  It seems to fall with falling dews,
And mingles with the honied smell
  The prime-point's snowy blooms effuse.

Beside the pool, elm-sheltered, gleams
  In fitful flame the mower's fire;
With load high-piled, the weary teams
  From the broad hayfield, late, retire:
Empurpled shade the woods assume,
  With folded wing each songster sleeps,
And o'er the pathway's leafy gloom
  The speckled urchin, timid, creeps.

Now earth is dark, though skies are clear,
  Yet in the orient's duskier blue
The stars of summer scarce appear,
  In radiance faint, in number few:
And homeward as my steps I turn,
  To shun the bat's low-wheeling flight,
I see the tapers idly burn,
  And, silent, meet the silent night.

July 7th, 1858.

TRANSLATION FROM THE "GOLDEN VERSES" OF PYTHAGORAS.

Μηδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι.

Close not thou thine eyes in slumber
  Ere the actions of the day
One by one thou thrice shalt number,
  And their character survey.
"Wrought? what have I—whither wandered—
  Good accomplished—ill forborn—"
Question asked, and answer pondered,
  Sleep in peace, or wake, and mourn.

STANZAS.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Bruma recurrit iuers.

HORACE.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

VIRGIL.

As forms that o'er the mirror pass,
Whate'er their aspect, tint, or kind,
Though clear depicted on the glass
Nor shade nor image leave behind;
The loveliest scenes that please our view
From memory as from vision fleet,
Unless the glowing pencil true
Their varying line and tint repeat.

Not mine the glowing pencil's power
The transient glories to confine,
And bid them in a future hour
Again in mimic beauty shine:
But faintly though my words record
The sparkling morn, the pensive eve,
The joy their breathing charms afford,
Reflected thus I yet receive.

As circling seasons come and go,
  Attent I watch their wonted pace;
My hours no other changes know
  Than those their equal footsteps trace.
The same the scenes o'er which they speed,
  The scenes the same that prompt my verse,
Then why the wood, the lawn, the mead,
  With still unchanging chords rehearse?

No look, thought-brightened, meets mine eye—
  No voice, heart-stirring, thrills mine ear—
And life, as days unnoted fly,
  On memory's page would blank appear;
But that recorded there I find
  The hues of skies, of groves, of fields,
The pure delight, the peace of mind,
  The silent joy their influence yields.

July 14*th*, 1858.

SONNET.

Κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλῶστι.

THROUGH the dark hours I heard the tempest rave
  And the high wood, loud fluctuating, strain:
  Now morn reveals—stretched on the grassy plain—
The night-wind's ruins: streams of brightness lave
Trees felled in all their pomp: so, on the wave
  Tall masts extended float, when o'er the main
  All lulled, a calm serenely smiles again
And views the wreck it came too late to save.
Fallen limes! no more the sunset's golden bloom
  Will flush your glossy foliage—and no more
Will evening dews imbibe the sweet perfume
  Breathed from your blossoms. Oh! when hope is o'er,
To heart and eye less sad is Nature's gloom
  Than the fair light that cannot life restore.

July 25th, 1858.

SONNET.

——— jam nox humida cælo
Præcipitat.

VIRGIL.

WIDE veiling mists the narrowed landscape bound,
  While on the lawns a mellowed verdure lies;
  More near the woods appear, and grander rise
By the soft vaporous folds pavilioned round:
Still is the air, and, now a fitful sound,
  The music of the latest mavis dies;
  Nor bat on dark-webbed pinion circling flies,
Nor hoot of owl disturbs the hush profound.
Night's stealing shadows dim the crimson flowers
  That fill the balustrade's faint-glimmering urns,
And dusk and silence wake a sense of fear;
  Yet wherefore?—Day and night's successive hours
Bring beauty for the eye where'er it turns,
  And tones of rural peace to please the ear.

August 1st, 1858.

SONNET.

Vox quoque per lucos—exaudita silentes.

YOUTH have I seen in its first flush decay
  And pass from morning's brightness to the tomb
  While tender sorrow mourned its transient bloom:
And manhood drooping in its fervid day
With all its powers, to scath unknown a prey,
  Have I beheld—and watched the veilëd doom
  By shades prophetic and commingling gloom
The silent progress of its course betray.
Lone now my days, as this sequestered spot—
  The loved are gone—and than unanswering minds
Is solitude more welcome—memory here
  Accents and words that of the world are not
Recalls, and in their sacred influence finds
  A power that makes all others vain appear.

August 15*th*, 1858.

SONNET.

Sol—invectus equis altum petit æthera.
VIRGIL.

WITH thee I rested in this breezy glade,
  Where the broad chestnut o'er the russet ground
  Such amplitude of foliage spreads around
That noon's bright arrows scarce the leaves pervade:
Nor life, nor summer then, were paled by shade,
  But both mature, with cloudless lustre crowned,
  And in their light we joyed—nor marked the sound
Yet faint and far, by autumn's footsteps made.
In grave Iberia's language full and clear
  We read of Werter's griefs—and idle woes
In that expressed, by contrast, wakened mirth:
  Thy laugh's low music still I seem to hear—
But years have fled—and thou in calm repose
  Art sleeping, hushed thy voice in silent earth.

August 25th, 1858.

SONNET.

Cum rapidus sol
Nondum hyemem contingit equis, jam præterit ætas.
VIRGIL.

SUMMER has lost her ardour, but yet sways
  The earth in glory nor decadence knows;
  And, as a stream that deep and silent flows,
In seeming pause the hurried fall delays
That waits its waters, thus awhile ~~it~~ she stays
  Or seems to stay ~~its~~ her course, in bright repose,
  Though the rich beech with fruit fawn-tinted glows,
And berries red flash through the ash-tree's sprays.
The groves are hushed, but grateful 'tis at eve—
  Where o'er the orchard's bank of grey stones rude
The mantling ivy's glossy tresses float
  Prone to the pond—to mark the moor-hen leave
Her sheltered haunt, with all her dusky brood,
  And hear, on the still air, her guiding note.

August 27th, 1858.

SONNET.

———medios cum sol accenderit æstus,
Cum sitiunt herbæ, et pecori jam gratior umbra est.
VIRGIL.

LIKE some dim nave—with lofty columns planned
  Of sculptured foliage—whose solemnity
  Brings to the mind composure, while the eye
Dwells on proportions beautiful and grand,
In verdure yet unchanged the lime trees stand,
  Though on the ground their leaf-winged berries lie
  Thick strewn and rich in tawny-golden dye
As sands that glitter on the wave-washed strand.
Tis summer's full meridian, but each day—
  Now passing swift—the splendour will subdue
And leave a deepening shade as it retires;
  And sighs the heart, presageful of decay,
E'en as I watch, wide o'er the western blue,
  The streaming rose-hues of the opal fires.

August 29th, 1858.

STANZAS.

CASSANDRA.

Translated from Schiller.

Gladness was in Troy, abounding,
  Ere its fortress ruined lay,
With triumphant hymns resounding
  From the harp-string's golden play:
Pause is there from rueful slaughter—
  War-worn strength repose renews,
Now, while Priam's lovely daughter—
  Noblest chief—Pelides woos.

Decked with laurel leaves and flowers,
  Wave on wave the festal throng
To the fanes of heavenly powers,
  To the Thymbrian's, rolls along:
Hollow-rushing echoes waken
  Through the streets by votaries pressed;
And to all its woe forsaken
  Mourns alone one stricken breast.

Joyless, amid joy excelling,
Silently Cassandra roves
—Shunning every festive dwelling—
In Apollo's laurel groves:
To its shadowy deep recesses
Lone the prophetess repairs,
And, indignant, from her tresses
Off the sacred fillets tears.

"Every heart in joy expanding
Gives to blissful feelings scope;
And my sister decked is standing,
And my aged parents hope:
But for me no joy is springing—
Me no flattering spell inthralls—
For I see destruction winging
Swift to these devoted walls.

"And a torch behold I, glowing,
But 'tis not in Hymen's hand—
And the glare its flame is throwing
Comes not from the altar's brand:
Glad solemnities are ready—
But in my foreboding soul
Sounds the godhead's footstep steady
Scattering ruthlessly the whole.

"And my plaints their mirth awaken,
And at all my grief they jest;
To the lonely waste forsaken
Must I bear my anguished breast:
From the happy thou hast riven me—
At my woe the frolic sneer—
Bitter sorrow hast thou given me
Pythian! thou god severe!

"Wherefore send'st thou me revealing
Oracles to persons blind—
To the ever-blind appealing
Vainly, with prophetic mind:
Wherefore bidd'st thou me discover
What I cannot turn aside—
Since the dread must not pass over—
And the fated must abide.

"Wherefore is the veil uplifted
When the terror threatens, nigh—
Ignorance with life is gifted,
And to know, is but to die:
Close the future's dreary portal!
Turn that blood-shot light away!
Fearful 'tis for creature mortal
Truth to hold in vase of clay.

"Back its former blindness bringing,
Let my careless mind rejoice—
Give me back the joyous singing,
Lost, when I became thy voice:
Foresight granting, as my dower,
Thou the present makest vain,
Darkening every cheerful hour—
Take thy guileful gift again!

"Ne'er my scented tresses dighted
Have I wreathed in bridal state,
To thy dreary altar plighted
Since my days were consecrate:
From my youth has sorrow found me—
Sorrow still has been my part—
Every grief of kindred round me
Struck on my responding heart.

"My coëvals sport in pleasure,
All about me live and love;
In the years of fullest treasure
I, alone, depressed must rove:
Spring, with all its blooms unfolding,
Decks the earth, for me in vain;
Life's abysses, who, beholding
E'er can joy in life again.

"Polyxena Hope now blesses—
And in its illusion dear
Gives her, bride-like, the caresses
Of the noblest Grecian here:
Proudly is her bosom swelling—
Nor, in its inebriate dream,
Gods! in your celestial dwelling
Objects ye of envy seem.

"Him, too, might mine eyes be seeking
Whom my longing bosom chose;
In his lovely glances speaking
Love with pleading fervour glows:
With my bridegroom homeward walking
Fain I were, where he abides,
But a Stygian shadow stalking
Comes between us and divides.

"All her pallid spectres hollow
From Proserpina repair,
And whate'er the path I follow
Stand before me, ghastly, there:
E'en when youth with buoyant feeling
Frolic sports, in pastimes free,
There, their grisly presence stealing
Blights the joy of life for me!

"And I see the death-steel shining,
And the murderer's eye-balls burn—
Nor to right nor left declining
Seeking succour can I turn:
Gaze I must, howe'er unwilling,
View my fate, and understand—
And, its stern decree fulfilling,
Perish in a stranger land."

Echoed yet her words appalling—
Hark! confused and clamourous cries—
By the temple's portal falling
Dead the son of Thetis lies:
Eris shakes her serpents, clanging,
Gods retreat from mightier powers,
And the thunder clouds are hanging
Heavy, over Ilium's towers.

September 2nd, 1858.

LINES.

The ills when I review
That darkened o'er your life and quenched its flame
I grieve, as when their mission I foreknew,
And watched it as it came.

Yet pangs, however keen,
My frame has known, remembrance may retain
As things that were,—but thought of what has been
Brings not the *sense* of pain.

It may be thus with you—
And from your minds the drear and mournful theme
That still my heart with anguish can subdue
Be passed, like night's sad dream.

And ye have heard the strain
Breathed o'er departing spirits, calm and sweet,
That lulls the memory of mortal pain
For bliss to make them meet.

O music! by thy power
Evoked, the Dead revive, and by my side
Appear, serene as in the solemn hour
Thy influence sanctified.

As clouds by tints of rose
Suffused, when set the sun, discoloured fade,
So present pleasures vivid hues disclose,
So, past, dissolve in shade.

But the affections pure
Are to the saddened mind like living light
That, though from earth withdrawn, the skies obscure
With solemn stars makes bright.

September 5th, 1858.

SONNET.

———variisque teguntur
Arboribus, viridesque secant placido æquore silvas.
VIRGIL.

How beautiful, September! are thy days!
  Thy lights yet brilliant, and yet dense thy shade:
  The groves by summer's ardour silent made
Again are vocal with the red-breast's lays;
The freshening breeze the heavy boughs scarce sways
  That sylvan fruits and crimson berries lade,
  While o'er the foliage—ah! how soon to fade!
A duskier tint of shadowy russet strays.
But, now, thy gliding splendours o'er my mind
  Such tranced delight diffuses as he feels
Who, in his bark, borne down a winding stream
  —Thoughts of the past and future all resigned—
Views but each charm the varying wood reveals,
  The sky's blue lustre, and the water's gleam.

September 14*th*, 1858.

SONNET.

Obtenta densantur nocte tenebræ.
VIRGIL.

BENEATH the wood's thick umbrage as I stray,
  Eve, o'er the trees, her gloom still deepening throws;
  The west, cloud-canopied and crimson glows,
And through their shafts falls on my doubtful way
Its light, dim-fading: the departing day
  Still on the leafy summits faintly shows,
  And there, while earth is hushed in mute repose,
The red-breast warbles clear his vesper lay.
Sweet floats the strain above the shadows chill
  That darken o'er my path; and subtile chords
By nature in my bosom finely strung,
  Stirred by her breath, in tones responsive thrill,
Whose music yet a nameless charm affords
  To hearts that love has left, and sorrow wrung.

October 8th, 1858.

SONNET.

τοὺς δὲ προσαιεὰ πίνοντας
τοὺς δὲ τομαῖς, ἔστασεν ὀρθοὺς.
PINDAR.

———sapienter idem
Contrahes, vento nimium secundo,
Turgida vela.
HORACE.

WHILE skill procures thee wealth, and science, fame,
With them admit nor luxury, nor pride;
For like the subtile progress—scarce descried—
Of the slow shadow on the dial-frame,
—The ray effacing of heaven's sacred flame—
These o'er the breast in silent movement glide,
With trivial cares and joys unsanctified
Quenching the light that dwelt there, ere they came.
Their growth insidious dread.—From Nature's shrine,
The inspiration by thine early years
Derived, nor lost in strife of arduous youth,
Guard thou, assiduous: so shall still be thine
That mind where, now, undimmed and pure appears
With manhood's noble aims, unconscious childhood's truth.

October 10*th*, 1858.

STANZAS.

——— pecudes pictæque volucres,
——— somno positæ sub nocte silenti,
Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.

VIRGIL.

BROAD crimson clouds are fretting
  The azure's deepened gray,
While calm, in twilight setting,
  Subsides the wintry day:
The flock in fold reposes,
  The herd in sheltered stall,
The woodland vesper closes,
  And stillness comes o'er all.

Oh, bliss it were, if drinking
  Like these, of Lethe's stream,
The mind might rest from thinking,
  Or, thinking, choose its theme:
But thoughts, like wandering breezes,
  Unbidden come, and go;
And still for one that pleases
  A throng awaken woe.

Thus—when the past recalling
  Of tranquil hours serene,—
I see a shadow falling
  And saddening all the scene:
And when fond words are stealing
  Like music on the ear,
I hear the death-bell pealing
  Above a silent bier.

The tears of tender sorrow
  Unstained and clear may run,
And rays from memory borrow,
  As rain-drops from the sun:
But grief's full laden quiver
  With arrows barbed is mixed—
What can the heart deliver
  From *that* remorse has fixed?

Dark eyes before me glistening
  Communion friendly seek,
With bright attention listening
  For words I do not speak:
Those eyes are closed for ever—
  And late repentance vain,
Life's "silver chain" would sever
  To meet their gaze again.

Oh! reason's dazzled blindness!
  Too late removed! to find
How far the glow of kindness
  Excels the light of mind:
With *this* through regions chilling
  Whilst idly oft we roam,
Love tends, untired and willing,
  The vestal flame of home.

Though vain the wish that drinking
  Of Lethe's quiet stream
The mind might rest from thinking,
  Or, thinking, choose its theme;
Yet as the day now closes
  In twilight's stilly shades,
The peace that all composes,
  My spirit, too, pervades.

January 10*th*, 1859.

STANZAS.

——— umbræ silentes,
——— plurima mortis imago,
——— et sanctum sidus adorat.

VIRGIL.

No word of kindness falls
  Now on mine ear with friendly augury,
But o'er these fretted roofs and vacant halls
  Death's silent shadows lie.

The ringing voice of mirth
  Were in my home discordant; aspects dear
Of those who suffered long, and passed from earth
  Yet wander, sacred, here.

Joys that the world can give
  Fade in the mournful light of those sad eyes,
But such unaltered and in freshness live
  As Nature calm supplies.

And whilst the vermeil hue,
  Where sank the sun, flushes the cloudless sky,
So deepening that it seems with radiance new
  To tint the larch-tree nigh,

With noiseless wing and feet
  A red-breast, like the briar's autumnal leaf,
Comes to my side, and by his carol sweet
  Softens the thoughts of grief;

Till, through the clear-obscure
  As beams a planet in the darkened blue—
The steady radiance of its brilliance pure
  With joy composed I view.

December 24th, 1859.

STANZAS.

——— ingeminant austri,
Nunc nemora, ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.
Vestigia retro
Observata sequor per noctem.

VIRGIL.

Loud rave the winds of night
In wintry tempest round these hoary walls,
While from the silent hearth a dying light
In shadowy flashes falls.

But through the storm and gloom
In thought I seem to hear sweet music float,
That wafts me back to southern skies, and bloom,
In scenes and days remote.

My heart with joy is stirred—
Parents and kindred fill those scenes again,
With thee—from whose young voice, then, first I heard
That long forgotten strain.

Life, then, was yet unblown—
Fresh in the brightness of its early dew;
'Tis withered now—but that melodious tone
Recalls its opening hue.

Thy home, by love and care
  Was guarded then, like mine—but these are fled;
Closed are the eyes that made the sunshine there—
  Both have borne forth our dead.

Thy heart, if still it beat,
  For me beats with affection, as of yore,
Though words from thee come never, and thy feet
  Seek not this distant shore.

Years and the ocean-wave
  Between us long have flowed—yet pleased I see
These tokens kind thy hand at parting gave,
  Relics of thine, and thee.

Will not a time arrive
  That shall to hearts forlorn the lost restore—
And the sweet pleasures, perished long, revive
  Their presence woke before?

Else wherefore o'er the past
  And present, Memory! throw thy binding chain
Of quivering links—if these must break at last,
  Never to meet again?

January 29th, 1859.

LINES.

Translation of four lines written by MARMONTEL for a group representing Friendship weeping, and twining a chain round Love, as he sleeps, and whose quiver she breaks.

WHILST cruel Love lies hushed, and sleeps,
His quiver Friendship breaks, and weeps;
And round him as she twines her chain
She trembles lest he wake again.

1850.

To W. B., Esq., F.R.S.,
With BEATTIE'S "Minstrel."

GIVE thou a sabbath hour to read the lay,
Bowman, wherein the minstrel's course is told;
For thou shalt feel as though the onward way
Led to a fane, whence, as the gates unfold,
The organ's tones in solemn peal are rolled,
Harmonious with the day, of all the seven,
When sanctioned rest communion calm may hold
With thoughts, that, pure like thine from worldly leaven,
Breathe but good will to man, and faith devout in Heaven.

July, 1858.

FROM RIDDOCH'S SERMONS.

Man is like a thing of nought; his time passeth away like a shadow.

PSALM CXLIV.

SWIFT as a shadow passing o'er the field
The year is gone to the dark sepulchre
Of those that died before,
And now is one of them.

The tumult and the sounds, the hurried steps
That tracked its course are silent: all the scenes
It witnessed, now are closed;
It comes on earth no more.

Yet once again it shall to all appear
With record of the usage it received
Whilst yet with us it dwelt—
What will that record be?

Last night no warning gave us that the year
Had silent passed—bearing to other worlds
Reports, beyond our power
To cancel or amend.

The past is gone—the future all unknown—
The present ever fleeting—let us give
The vigour of our minds,
The efforts of our days,

The labours to fulfil to all assigned,
How low soe'er they seem, or arduous be;
Nor leave them to the time
When strength and reason fail;

But every duty in its season due
With diligence perform; that so no hour—
Unused whilst by our side—
Reproach us when gone by.

January 1st, 1859.

SONNET.

φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ.
HOMER.

O GRATEFUL oft I blessed the tuneful shell!
  When aims and feelings struggling, unexprest,
  Like stormy waves heaved in thy troubled breast,
My brother! till the music's solemn swell
The strife allayed that reason failed to quell,
  And in thy stricken brain and heart distrest
  Lulled into dreamy calm and patient rest
The prisoned thoughts thou hadst not words to tell.
And still I think, when waked the sacred strain
  Breathed by our parents dear—who praise and prayer
In our young memories linked with echoes sweet—
  That thou, unfettered now, with them again
The pure delight of converse free mayst share,
  Thy powers restored, in harmony complete.

February 6th, 1859.

STANZAS.

Avia—resonant avibus virgulta canoris.
VIRGIL.

THE walks with recent rain are wet,
And dusky clouds obscure the sky;
The sun with humid ray has set,
And dimly gleams the moon on high;
Yet here I stand, though night is nigh,
To hear the joyous music gush—
Like streams of choral harmony—
From blackbird clear and mellow thrush.

O Nature's charm! this liquid strain
That moves the heart and soothes the ear,
Awakes the thought of joy again
In life's sad winter, cold and sear:
So when subsides in ruin drear
The love-raised tomb—unmarked, unknown—
The simple flower and moss appear,
And bloom around the mouldering stone.

February 10*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

Inque novos soles audent se gramina tutò
Credere.
—— vere novo viridis se subjicit alnus.
VIRGIL.

THE mounting sun, as that of summer bright,
  Sheds his fresh lustre on the wakening year,
  As o'er the lake my shallop small I steer
To mourn this birch uprooted, glimmering white
Prone on the waters that the skimming flight
  Of startled moor-hen ripples; yet, while here
  Comes full the black-bird's song, continuous, clear,
And sweet, inspiring what it breathes, delight—
And droop the Alder's opening tassels pale
  Red-tipped—and buds empurpled in the ray
Broaden—and far, with distance-mellowed tone
  The cawing rooks high in the sunshine sail,
Gladness my spirit brightens, as the day
  The fallen and withering tree by storm o'erthrown.

February 28th, 1859.

FROM RIDDOCH'S SERMONS.

Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee.
PSALM V.

WHEN from before our eyes the darkness melts
A new creation opens to our view;
The lustre of the heavens,
The stillness of the air,

The freshness on the earth, the sprightly joy
Of herds and flocks and birds, the heart incites
To praise the bounteous Hand
That life and joy imparts.

Sleep is a mystery which the wisest fail
To penetrate, whilst its refreshing balm
The simplest know and feel,
Though they may fail to bless.

In sleep each faculty of mind is lost,
And every sense is bound—man, helpless, lies
To every accident
Or enemy, a prey.

Speech, reason, memory, his prerogatives,
In sleep depart from him—and how withdrawn
He knows not, nor at will
Can hasten their return.

But He who veils our vision, and suspends
Our reason, both restores with morning light,
And speech that He hath given
Should utter forth his praise.

And when no treacherous couch has proved a grave,
When blessed with reason, health and spirits fresh
From helplessness revived,
Parents and children meet;

Then each with glowing heart the Lord should bless
Who pardons our iniquities, who heals
Our sickness, and our lives
With loving kindness crowns.

Let my prayer come before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

PSALM CXLI.

THE day and night authentic pages are
Of Nature's oldest scripture, all inscribed
By God's own finger; morn
And evening turn the leaf,

Inviting us to read therein displayed
His wisdom, power, and goodness, graven fair
In different characters,
And showing wonders new.

The countless stars, the swiftness of their course,
Their periods regular and silence deep,
Exalt the thoughts to Him
Who formed and guides them all.

From the world's business selfishness we learn,
Levity from its pleasures—from its strife
Emotions turbulent
Of anger and revenge.

But evening should our scattered thoughts recall,
Compose the passions by the world inflamed,
And the nice sense renew
Its manners have impaired.

The man who to his quiet home at night
From scenes where dangers and temptations throng
Retires, with health unhurt
And conscience clear from stain;

With judgment and with fancy balanced so
That reason keeps her empire, should ascribe
His safety to a care
Above his own, and say—

"Gracious is God and righteous, yea, our God
Is merciful, who saves my soul from death,
My feet from falling guards,
And keeps mine eyes from tears."

March 6th. 1859.

SONNET.

ὁ δ' ἐξέκλεψεν——
ἤδη τειρόμενον· χαλεπὸς δὲ ἑ δεσμὸς ἐδάμνα.
HOMER.

WHO has not felt, when waked by morning's light
To active duties and a free career,
His bounding pulse checked by remembrance drear
Of the firm martyrs for a nation's right
Chained in the sea-girt dungeon's noisome night,
With not a hope the shapeless day to cheer,
And life's full powers slow-wasting year by year
In blank vacuity and silent blight?
But now that filial love's long fostered flame
In Settembrini's breast, like signal fires
To England's shores has steered them o'er the wave,
Be our glad welcome of each noble name
—Harmonious with the thoughts their cause inspires—
Enduring, reverent, generous, and grave.

March 19th, 1859.

SONNET.

From Paley's "Natural Theology."

Ask not, perplexed, where conscious thought may find
  A form to dwell in, when the vase of clay
  That now contains it, crumbling in decay
Shall perish, all: the same Almighty mind
That the broad arch of circling light inclined
  O'er Saturn's sphere, and on their emerald ray
  The glowing orbs the Pāon's plumes display
By fine gradation exquisite combined,
May in his wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
  For human intellect reserve at last
Full-poured, the day whose dawn now faintly shines:
  Be ours, with hope and reverence, to prepare
The life that, in his constant presence past,
  To his disposal gracious, Death resigns.

April 13th, 1859.

SONNET.

From Baxter's "Dying Thoughts."

Our future, on our present life depends,
  As youth on infancy, on manhood, age;
  As honour on the battle warriors wage,
And on the finished race, where speed contends
With speed till at the goal the contest ends:
  And he whose toil the hopes of gold engage
  To sail the deep, must brave the ocean's rage
Ere won the prize for which his strength he spends.
Work must reward precede: *here* lost or won
  Is heaven—not here possessed but here secured:
Here must the fight be fought,—the course complete:
  And not till then the Judge can say, "Well done!"
Through good and evil hath thy faith endured,
  Receive the crown that for thy brow is meet."

Easter Day, April 24th, 1859.

SONNET.

Celui-là seul est étranger aux agitations d'une ame timorée, qui ne s'est jamais examiné lui-même, qui nà jamais séjourné dans la solitude de sa conscience.—NECKER.

SOLEMN is Day's departure: in her train
  Go words, perhaps, that speak the erring thought—
  And deeds in levity or rashness wrought,
That as they pass, we would arrest, full fain!
To change their aspect—but, alas! in vain!
  And hours—whose gifts for us to give were brought—
  Too late we find, by lasting anguish taught,
Neglected bear them off nor turn again.
And high resolves, perchance, now pale and broken,
  Mix with the fleeting throng—and fancies, now
Faded, that held awhile the dazzled mind:
  O watch anew! that deeds and accents spoken
Be such as love and wisdom may avow—
  So shall the day depart, nor leave remorse behind.

May 9th, 1859.

SONNET.

φροῖδαί σοι θυσίαι—
εὔφημοι κέλαδοι.
EURIPIDES.

As in a fane deserted, and storm-shaken,
  Incense no more in fragrant clouds is rolled
  Round the mute shrine, nor music's tones unfold
And speak the heart's emotions rapture-taken;
So waste, at times, appears the mind, forsaken
  Of all the varied life it wont to hold—
  Its thoughts discoloured and its feelings cold,
As shrouded in the sleep whence none awaken.
But though within the temple's mouldering walls
  Chill silence reigns—without, the sunshine fair
Illumes the ruins with its azure light:
  And, Nature! thus thy living influence falls
Still grateful on my heart—the shadow there
  Melting, as morning melts the gloom of night.

May 22nd, 1859.

SONNET.

ὄυτ' ἐν βροτοῖς ὄυτ' ἐν νεκροῖσιν
Μετοικος.

ANTIGONE.

O TO command, at will, that mood alone
  I value! as the woodland harmonies
  Placid and glad! and calm as autumn skies
Serene in splendour! but the skies that shone
May shine again, yet the dimmed mirror own
  Their hues no longer—and sweet strains may rise
  Thrilling as erst, while the dull sense denies,
Unmoved, the pristine magic of their tone.
Grief rends the heart, and thought in fearful strife
  Devious may drive, as, from its anchor wrenched,
The shattered bark wide o'er the stormy wave;
  Yet drearier is the waste when languid life
—Thought all exhausted, all emotion quenched—
  Seems but the conscious stillness of the grave.

June 1*st*. 1859.

SONNET.

Nec quæ præteriit iterùm revocabitur unda,
Nec quæ præteriit hora redire potest.

OVID.

How oft the fellow Pilgrim at our side
We know not, though his accents kind and wise
Beguile our journey; but our careless eyes
Neglect the near and present—far and wide
Recklessly glancing—till the path divide
And part us: then with deeper meaning rise
Words once unheeded, that too late we prize,
With pious care by memory sanctified.
Back to its source the stream returns no more—
The path once trodden we no more retrace—
Nor long regrets occasions lost retrieve:
Then watch we! if past errors we deplore,
—Wiser and sadder in our remnant space—
To give the joy we cannot now receive.

June 13*th*, 1859.

STANZAS.

——— litusque vado labente relinquit.
VIRGIL.

My weary pulses beat
Faintly yet hurriedly, as from the shore
—Their impulse spent—the tremulous waves retreat
Back to the ocean hoar.

And shadowy thoughts now float
Pale through my mind—and slow emotions rise
Whose hues and changes quick would, once, denote
Their living sympathies.

The tuneful chords outworn
That, to light touch responsive, joyous rung,
Now, waked, but seem in murmurs low to mourn—
Or silent lie, unstrung.

Thus at the close of day
—Herald of coming night—the twilight glides
O'er the dim earth, while colour fades away
And music sweet subsides.

June 18*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.

VIRGIL.

WHILE from the tapestried, cool-shaded room
I view the mead's deep herbage waving slow,
Waiting the scythe—and, liquid still though low,
Birds carol—and against the verdant gloom
Of lofty beeches gleams the martlet's plume,
Mother! to thee and childhood backward flow
Mute memories, and to skies whose cloudless glow
Ripened the tendrilled vine and olive-bloom.
And quiet wanderings with thee I recall,
Through fields of tawny corn, when shrill and clear
Rang the cigarra's song of silver chime;
And when, like sound of gushing water-fall
—Welcome to thought—we paused the wind to hear
O'er the tall group of pine trees sweep sublime.

June 25th, 1859.

STANZAS.

——— ruit arduus æther—
Nunc nemora ingenti vento———plangunt.
VIRGIL.

In the blue orient, high
Floated small fleecy clouds of ardent gold,
And on the western bounds of earth and sky
Broad waves of amber rolled.

Then, sudden, on the plain
Dark shadow came,—and through the woods the sound
Of coming tempest rushed, and driving rain
Fell, flashing, all around.

It ceased—and all is still—
While from the earth exhales a grateful smell,
And flowers the silent air with odours fill
Fresh from each humid cell.

O might my faded life
—Mute though the voice of joy—thus calmly close,
Brightness and storm gone by—nor thoughts at strife
Disturb my heart's repose.

June 26th, 1859.

SONNET.

Sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras et juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis.
HORACE.

CALM in the splendour of the evening hour
Lies the illumined landscape, while subside
The sounds of rural toil, and soft airs glide
O'er meads of tedded grass—from summer shower
Guarded—or waving yet its sea-green flower,
And stir the fern's crisp verdure spreading wide
Where from the common lofty elms divide
And with their shade the sleeping dead embower.
Past is for these, life's tumult—labour stern
For the tired hind—and as o'er all the sheen
Of golden light a silent beauty throws
Dissolving thought in feeling, home I turn,
And Nature bless, whose equal rule serene
Rest on the weary heart and hand bestows.

June 29th, 1859.

SONNET.

Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque—
——— flammisque sequacibus iras.

VIRGIL.

As waved the curtain's green transparent fold,
  To aching sight tempering the brilliant day
  With grateful shade, it gave me to survey
The level rays kindle to quivering gold
The feathery grass-flower, and in eddies rolled
  Fast fall in fragrant showers the ripening hay,
  While the revolving swallow, winged for prey,
Swept low the surface of the grassy mould.
Fair was the scene,—but now, the midnight dark
  Flashes with darts of fire and sheets of flame,
And fearful peals the rending thunder's roar:
  O God! have mercy on the lonely bark,
Strained by the storm through all her shuddering frame,
  Or drifting, helpless, on a lee-ward shore.

July 3rd. 1859.

SONNET.

Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras.

VIRGIL.

DREAR is the winter evening's lonely hush
  Closing the winter's lonely day obscure,
  And drear the hearkening, awe-struck though secure,
O'er the high wood the storm's resounding rush;
Yet the sweet music of the early thrush
  Heard in the silent twilight cold and pure,
  While skies serene my lingering gaze allure
To watch the fading of their ruby flush,—
The stillness of the air, ere breath of spring
  Unfold the whispering leaves,—the hue, the tone
That first the sense of long-lost pleasure wakes,—
  These o'er my heart a deeper sadness bring;
As on the earth, from the memorial stone
  A darker shadow falls when morning breaks.

January, 1858.

SONNET.

Omnia pervolitat latè loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.
VIRGIL.

WHEN through a gallery dim, or ancient hall
In darkness long secluded, daylight streams
With sudden radiance, and its arrowy beams
The shadow chase from roof and storied wall,
On sculptured forms and glowing tints they fall
That arduous deeds record, and lofty themes,
And beauteous aspects memory thus redeems
From the grey shroud oblivion draws o'er all.
So, oft, forgotten images, obscure
In solitary shade, neglected sleep,
Till light, quick darting from a kindred mind,
Wakes them to sparkling life and freshness pure;
And, for the silent desert's arid sweep,
Green, fresh, and animate the scene we find.

July 1st, 1859.

SONNET.

——— dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
Et ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ est.
VIRGIL.

'Tis pleasant by the lofty window's sill
  To sit—embowered by broad magnolia sprays
  As yet unbrightened by the orient rays
That all the lawns with vapourous lustre fill—
When the glad birds their early music trill,
  While through the leaves the air of morning plays,
  And hear the tinkling bell, as slowly strays
The fleecy fold wide o'er the pastures still.
The verdurous twilight of the beech-tree's shade
  Tempers the rich eschscholtzia's golden blaze,
But shows more white the scattered cistus-flowers
  At fall of eve shed on the glassy blade,
And glistening now in the dissolving haze
  That noontide fair foretells and ardent hours.

July 10*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

Instructamque fidem gemmis et dentibus Indis
Sustinet à lævâ; tenuit manus altera plectrum.
OVID.

THOUGH perfect be the well-wrought harp and strung
With every chord full harmony to make,
Not every hand that harmony can wake
Nor o'er the compass of its power be flung:
This, for sweet notes from love and gladness sprung
Will deeper strains of solemn tone forsake;
And *that*, the chords of mournful cadence take,
Sad as the wail of heart by sorrow wrung.
As feeling thus directs, the hand requires
Accordant sounds, and the responsive strings
To touch successive all their music yield:
And thus the mind, when kindred thought inspires,
To various minds harmonious answer brings—
Not *all* to each, yet all, at length, revealed.

July 26th, 1859.

STANZAS.

A DEWY dusk pervades the ether clear
Dimming its unstained azure, but a light
Coloured with amber warmth
Yet lingers on the lawns,

Till, bright, emerging from the fervid mist
That veiled her rising and her orb enlarged,
A paler, cooler hue
The moon diffuses round.

Against the twilight skies the western wood
Darkens, but on the nearer elms, her beams
With quivering splendour grey
The outer leaves illume.

And half evolved, like cup of ivy pure
Fresh scent forth-pouring, or expanded white
Their foliage full amid
Gleam the magnolia flowers.

Lone while I rest, in life's, and evening's shade,
From noontide storms and sunshine memory turns
—*Those* wakening shuddering dread,
This fruitless vain regret—

And calmer scenes recalls of morn serene,
When temperate wisdom led our willing steps,
For pleasant were her ways,
And all her paths were peace.

My wandering thought an open space reviews
Where one large tree its welcome shadow spread;
And near, a deep dark well
Of sparkling water pure,

Guarded by circling wall of massive stone
Worn into furrows by the single rope
Drawn by laborious hands
Of matrons, when they fill

Their earthen pitchers—waiting, each, her turn—
Her raven hair up-gathered from her brow—
Her eyes dark glancing fire,
And quick her fluent tongue.

Then through the olive-grove's ascent, I reach
The Eira wide, around whose border piled
Lie rustling sheaves of corn,
By broad-browed oxen trod.

And from the breezy ridge the vale survey
Of Odevellas, and the dropping fount
Through flowers and fern and thyme
Pouring its glittering rill.

But pity now an aged pair portrays,
In vacant stable of a mansion vast
Sheltered; with palsied limbs
And eyes of light bereft

He, patient lay in darkness, while his mate
A slender pittance sought—or at the gate
Her spindle, quiet, plied,
Or told her ebon beads.

And, in her absence, joy it was to place
Our offerings on her table, and to hear
How gifts, unasked, unhoped,
The Queen of Heaven had sent.

When dewy twilight brought the grateful hours
And in the balcony we lingered long
—The spacious road obscure
Between us—there she sat,

As our young voices, though in accents strange,
Solaced her loneliness: and when to rest
We went, she rose, and all
Exchanged a kind "good night."

August 6th, 1859.

STANZAS.

Beneath Calabria's azure skies
  When, still, unswept by summer air,
Before the wondering Reggian lies
  The sea, a gleaming mirror fair;
* While fanes of pillared sculpture rare,
  And cypress tall, and eastern palm,
And turret high, depictured there
  Resplendent deck the surface calm,

The strange enchantment, rapt, he views,
  Till melts the fairy scene away,
When, reft of all its glowing hues,
  Lies cold and dim the ocean gray.
So, forms in fancy's fairy ray
  —A bright illusion—we behold;
So fade the tints in wan decay
  And leave the vision dim and cold.

August 8th, 1859.

* See Swinburne's account of the occasional appearance of the sea, at Reggio.

SONNET.

FROM ARRIAN'S "DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS."

TRANSLATED BY MISS CARTER.

Cur non, ut vitæ plenus, conviva recedis.

Has outward power e'er forced me to resign
  My aim? or have I been by that compelled
  To any action, whilst my will rebelled?
No! for this could not be—since I resign
To God each purpose, and my aim incline
  By his direction: every impulse quelled
  To shun the given, or grasp at the withheld,
His will, howe'er my life it shape, is mine.
All we possess he gave us, senses keen
  Creation's various wonders to admire,
And reason to infer from whom they came:
  And when, the fair and solemn pageant seen,
He calls us, shall we not, content, retire,
  And for the pomp displayed adore his name?

August 21*st*, 1859.

SONNET.

FROM THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.

Diviners dost thou seek? Nor with desire
  Approach, nor fear of what they may foreshow:
  Events indifferent are, as thou must know,
If to philosophy thy soul aspire:
Though they should say the sacrificial fire
  Evil forebodes by its reluctant glow,
  From evil's self, if thou but will it so,
Thy fortitude shall added strength acquire.
Ask not the Seer,—such questioning were but vain,
  Whether thy friend or country thou shalt aid,
Though death or exile thence may thee betide:
  The Pythian God, indignant, from his fane
Expelled the votary who had fled, afraid,
  While by the murderer's hand his friend defenceless
    died.

August 28th, 1859.

SONNET.

FROM ARRIAN'S "DISCOURSES OF EPICTETUS."

TRANSLATED BY MISS CARTER.

SOME things in life on our own choice depend,
  As virtue, wisdom, freedom: if to gain
  These be thy purpose, them shalt thou obtain,
For firm resolve no outward power can bend.
And piety—whatever God may send—
  Thou wilt preserve—if joy he give, or pain,
  Joyful, or patient—nor, with struggle vain
And will perverse, against his will contend.
But if thou seek for riches, honour, fame,
  —Things that on choice depend not—and expect
From them, the happiness they never gave,
  Then, if thou miss them, murmuring thou wilt blame
Thy God, and, impious, charge him with neglect,
  And by externals fettered, live a slave.

August 31*st*, 1859.

SONNET.

Nihil magis præstandum est quam nè ritu pecorum, sequamur antecedentium gregem, pergentes non quà eundem est, sed quà itur.

SENECA.

O imitatores, servum pecus!

HORACE.

WHEN all with equal progress move along,
  As in a ship, none feel the onward flow;
  And those who wisdom's narrow path forego,
Borne on in error's way, the crowd among,
Note not the wide divergence of the throng:
  But he who stops, a steadfast mark, will show
  That the broad way's deflection—seeming slow—
Leads from the right how far! how near the wrong!
A trivial aim the faculties debases
  To its own level, till each nobler end,
Worthy of mind immortal, is forsaken;
  And men, like blatant flocks, each other's traces
Follow, unheeding whither they may tend,
  But take the course, because the course is taken.

September 1*st*, 1859.

STANZAS.

Quand tout change pour toi la nature est la même.

LAMARTINE.

A LIVELIER bloom from recent rain
  Lies on the lawn, the wood, the mead,
And wandering o'er the freshened plain
  The flocks and herds in gladness feed;
The storm-cloud sheds a transient gloom
  On verdurous tints of wood and glade,
And all a deeper hue assume,
  But keep their own distinctive shade.

Disparted from the brightening west
  The clouds in dusky wreaths retire,
And on the far horizon rest
  Like mountains tipped with beacon-fire;
And now the shower of slanting rays
  Poured on the beech-tree's burnished glow,
Rills through the leaves and quivering sprays,
  And falls in golden drops below.

Sweeps o'er the chestnut-grove the wind
  With sound like distant ocean's dash,
And, as the branches wave, declined,
  Plays on the trunks the sunshine's flash,
While, woven o'er the level ground,
  —Like clear expanse of shallow streams
Reflecting dark the verdure round—
  The ivy's glossy foliage gleams.

Leaves, by the summer's ardour, pale,
  —The summer's ardour scarcely flown—
Wide scattered by the ruffling gale
  Along this mossy walk are strown,
But on each leaf the rain-drops bright,
  Touched by the beams of westering day,
And brilliant as the diamond's light,
  Are glancing o'er the emerald way.

A form we love fresh graces shows
  In every movement to our view,
As webs, where changing radiance flows,
  Though still the same, yet ever new—
So, of this long familiar scene,
  The changing hues of morn, and night,
Of glowing noon, and eve serene,
  With varying charm my heart delight.

September 6th, 1859.

STANZAS.

——Circumfusa—
Scindit se nubes, et in æthera purgat apertum.
VIRGIL.

O HAD the mind's unfettered range
Been gifted, too, with action's power,
What deeds of wild injustice strange
Had marred the peace of every hour!
The lightning flash of erring thought,
The bolt forgot when sped in air,
On guiltless heads had ruin brought
A life's remorse could ne'er repair.

In wildering mist by passion spread,
In dazzling light by fancy beamed,
By visions false the mind misled
While reasoning right, had wrongly deemed.
Then blessed be Nature's guardian laws
That wisely limit action's sphere,
Give impulse rash a time to pause,
And mist to melt in ether clear.

September 12*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

FROM THE ENCHIRIDION OF EPICTETUS.

THY neighbour at a banquet, has a seat
  Higher than thine—and oftener is addressed,
  And his opinion asked—be not distressed—
Pay, if thou like, the price that he thought meet:
Shall he who does not wear with frequent feet
  The great man's threshold, be like *him* caressed
  Who, plausive, will his Patron's worth attest,
And in his train, obsequious, walk the street?
One, for an obolus, a lettuce buys—
  Too dear, thou think'st it—then thy coin retain—
Thou *hast* what he has spent—and if thou deem
  Too dear the banquet, and the arts despise
That win it, thou art spared the self-disdain
  Of giving praise where thou withhold'st esteem.

September 17*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

λαμπρὰ δὲ παισέληνος
πρέσβιτον ἄστρων, νυκτὸς ὀφθαλμὸς πρέπει.
ÆSCHYLUS.

ὦ κασιγνητοὶ κυρά.
EURIPIDES.

WHILE in the arch cerulean, calm and grand,
The moon in brilliance sheds her silver fire,
And tuneful chimes, in distance, faint expire,
Beside these columns, by the night wind fanned
I watch the brightening landscape fair expand,
And think of thee, when—words by sickness dire
Swept from thy brain—reflection and desire
In symbols mute were pictured by thy hand.
The mystery of life for thee is solved,
And to my clouded sight must soon be clear:
Then trivial cares and fancies, through the mind
In changing hues and aspects now revolved,
Will idle seem as drifts of foliage sear
Or coloured mists wide scattered by the wind.

October 4th, 1859.

SONNET.

——ἄβατον εἰς ἐρημίαν—
ὁδοιπόρῳ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.—
Αἰθὴρ δ' ἐλαφραῖς
Πτερύγων ῥιπαῖς ὑποσυρίζει.

ÆSCHYLUS.

If the sad wanderer in the desart's bound
  Meet with a simple flower the waste has nursed,
  Or well, palm-shaded, whence to slake his thirst,
Or in the death-like silence hear the sound
Of bird light-winging o'er the trackless ground,
  While from his bosom words of rapture burst—
  Bird, well, and flower, than all encountered erst,
Seem lovelier, thus mid desolation found.
So in life's dreary years the sudden tone
  Of kindness, long unheard—from flashing eyes
The thought rekindling thought's decaying fire,
  —Scarce marked in joy's meridian—for the lone
And weary bid new imagery arise,
  And the faint pulse with vigour fresh inspire.

October 21*st*, 1859.

SONNET.

τίς ὀδμα προσέπτα μ'αφεγγὴς
Θεόσυτος, ἢ βρότειος, ἢ κεκραμένη.
ÆSCHYLUS.

When floating round us on the dewy wind
  Waves of unwonted fragrance bathe the sense
  In sweetness new, if we perceive not whence
Flows the perfume, not to its charm resigned
Rest we, but seek the hidden flowers to find
  That breathe the strange pervading effluence
  And restless seems enjoyment, and suspense,
Until the pleasing mystery be untwined.
So oft the heaving breast emotion feels
  Of unexpressive joy and strange delight
That troubled and uncertain smouldering glows,
  Its nature till the Poet's page reveals,
The doubtful impulse vague directs aright,
  And heightens pleasure while its source it shows.

October 28th, 1859.

SONNET.

Quà se
Plena per insertas fundebat Luna fenestias.
VIRGIL.

Tota vita Christi crux fuit—et tu tibi quæris
requiem et gaudium?
A'KEMPIS.

SLOW wears the vigil of the lingering night
As through the branches of the ash-tree tall
Within my lonely chamber silent fall
The rays illusive of the moonshine bright,
Mocking my hope of morning's dawning light;
While the sad hours, hours yet more sad recall,
And memory, shuddering, lifts the mournful pall
That veils the sacred past from careless sight.
A voice I hear that welcomed mine again
When after brief repose again I sought
My wonted station by the sufferer's side:
O who could bear such retrospect of pain
But by reverting with submitted thought
To Him who hallowed suffering when He died.

November 11*th*, 1859.

SONNET.

Πηγνυσιν δὲ πᾶν
ῥέεθρον.
ÆSCHYLUS.

——in tot lumina lumen habebas.
OVID.

CLOUDS, darkly piled, the setting day attend,
  But streaming rays from dusky fissures break
  While o'er the surface of the frozen lake
Reflected tints of rose and azure blend;
And in my skiff as by the bank I wend
  Parting the ice, on many a glittering flake
  Fall the rich hues, and transient glories make
O'er trees that from the southward slope ascend.
Sound is extinct, and motionless the air—
  Unquivering on the grass the radiance lies
And sheds in stillness there its golden stain:
  Thus mute, to me, is life—but while I share
These lights diffused on water, earth, and skies,
  My heart, though oft it sigh, shall ne'er complain.

November 17th, 1859.

SONNET.

Ceu flamina prima
Cum deprensa fremunt sylvis, et cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prodentia ventos.

VIRGIL.

Ubi sunt illi domini et magistri? jam eorum præbendas
allii possident, et nescio utrum de eis recogitent.

A'KEMPIS.

Now welcome night succeeds the snow-dimmed day
  With idle eyes I watch the draperies glow,
  While o'er their folds devolved in crimson flow
Alternate light and wavering shadow stray;
Flames, on the sculptured hearth, revolving play,
  And in the silence round me murmur low
  Like forest-tangled winds, that wakening slow
Portend, to mariners, their rising sway.
The gleams on many a lettered volume fall
  Where words, as those that paled the Assyrian, tell
How thought's proud rulers change and pass away:
  Scarce live their names—so, on this pictured wall
The lonely tomb beside the surge's swell
  Records but life whelmed in the ocean gray.

November 30th, 1859.

SONNET.

Quique per Autumnum percussis frigore primo
Est color in foliis.

OVID.

In distant ages, thoughts whose living bloom
  Delights us now, were traced on vellum fair
  That kept, in spiral folds, its treasures rare,
Till clouded Piety, its cloistered doom
To lighten and the listless hours consume,
  Swept from the scroll the golden records there,
  And legends vain inscribed—with idle care—
Of joys fantastic or fantastic gloom.
Yet would the scroll some traces oft retain
  That showed what, once, it held—so, on my mind,
Whence Time's defacing fingers wear away
  The fair inscriptions, some still, faint, remain
And waken sadness when their hues I find
  Obscured by darker tints and dull decay.

December 28th, 1859.

SONNET.

And they mourned for him, saying, "Alas! my brother."
1 Kings.

Swayed by a restless mind and wayward will
  He shunned the home in which he yet was dear,
  Where welcome ever met him, nor his ear
Disturbed by questions, or complaint of ill:
Years thus passed on, and absence grew more chill,
  Till sickness fell upon him, when drew near
  Kindred with loving hearts, and sought to cheer
His—but its pulses soon in death were still.
Then wailed the guiltless o'er the erring dead,
  Mourning that hope had drooped ere strong endeavour
Wakened the good that deep within him slept:
  O ne'er forsake the wandering and misled!
Lest, when beyond thine influence gone for ever,
  Love, self-accusing weep, as these have wept.

December 29th, 1859.

SONNET.

—nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ.
VIRGIL.

In vain would memory by some fragrance sweet
The sense inebriate—or with music clear
Suspend in rapturous trance the heart and ear
When once on air are lost its echoes fleet:
And powerless is her art with fond deceit
The pleasures to recall that, erst, were dear,
As the wan ray of the expiring year
To paint the hues of summer's glowing heat.
But love and sorrow ever she reveals
Pausing by many a tomb—each pallid form
With melancholy shadow over-spread:
And through the gloom though wavering radiance steals,
Stricken, amazed by earthquake and by storm
Still they the living seek among the dead.

December 20th, 1859.

SONNET.

Nec quæ magis hæreat illâ
Pectore res notio est.
OVID.

MOTHER! when in thy children's circle free
  Thy words, deemed strange, awoke our laughter gay,
  Thou wouldst predict that when from earth away
Thy form had passed, our thoughts would turn to thee
Oft as those words we heard: O yet I see
  Thy large eyes flashing bright their hazel ray—
  Nor need I outward semblance to portray
Thine aspect pale, and matron dignity.
'Tis said when Death's approaching shadow falls
  Over the wandering mind, to visions fair
It turns, of morn, ere storms obscured the day;
  And memory now, unbidden, still recalls
The childhood, watched by thy affection rare,
  And guided by a father's tender sway.

December 25th, 1859.

SONNET.

ὡς—ὑψόπε δ'ἄχιη
Εκίδνηται, ἐξ ἀνεμοιο πολύπλαγκτοιο ἰωῆς.
HOMER.

Vanitas est diligere quod cum omni celeritate transit, et illuc non festinare ubi sempiternum manet gaudium.
A'KEMPIS.

SOON will the midnight hour the year divide
  From present time: the horologe that tells
  Its parting, peals like melancholy bells
In darkness heard on waters, as the tide
Rises or sinks, the passing ships to guide
  And warn of danger—and my bosom swells
  While the sad sound in mournful echoes knells
Those I beheld in death's dark waves subside.
Of years gone by, what traces now remain?
  As brilliant vapours when the sun is set,
As wreaths of foam in wintry eddies driven,
  All seems illusive, fugitive and vain,
Save love remembered, ever felt, or met,
  In ministry of good received or given.

December 31*st*, 1859.

STANZAS.

Penetratque in Tartara rimis
Lumen.

OVID.

WHEN, paled by long excluded day
  And prisoned in a darkened room,
The eye perceives a sudden ray
  Through narrow fissure pierce the gloom,
Though many a sculptured wreath be there,
  And later seen in broadened light,
Still deems the eye that flower most fair
  That met its gaze of freshened sight.

So, when for us the colours fade
  Whose varying bloom adorns the world,
And wrapt in dream of mournful shade
  Her torpid pinions Thought has furled,
The voice that breaks the dreary dream
  And bids her torpid wings unfold,
Though some may breathe a loftier theme,
  As sweetest, still, will memory hold.

January 4th, 1860.

STANZAS.

From "Journal d'un Maitre d'Ecole."

He plucked from off a stone
A tuft of moss, upholding it to view
While light upon its plumes of verdure shone
And cups of ruby hue.

"This did not wait," he said,
"For praise of men, in beauty to unfold;
Its seeds invisible, wind-borne, will spread
On barren rocks a mould,

"And fertile soil prepare
That shall, in future ages, nurture give:
Meanwhile this wall it brightens, and but air
And dew requires, to live."

"But why *such* life"—at first
I would have said, but in his glance, with shame
I felt that for *immediate* good, my thirst
Had but a narrow aim.

SONNET.

Quem si non tenuit, magnis, tamen, excidit ausis.

OVID.

SAGES of earnest aim in Hellas old
  To solve the problem of existence sought,
  And to their task with zeal untiring brought
Discursive reason, and conjecture bold:
And if they failed the mystery to unfold,
  And wandered in the maze of subtile thought,
  High was their scope, and fervently they wrought—
And failure is the doom of mortal mould.
Power is revealed in the fleet courser's speed
  Though, fruitless, urged; and—though through sterile ~~air~~—space—
The sunward soaring of the eagle's flight;
  And while of all these mighty minds I read
With dim intelligence their course I trace
  And gaze in wonder when it fades from sight.

January 14th, 1860.

SONNET.

οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπισι
πεποιθεν 'αἐι τὸ δ'ἀπορεῖν ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ.

EURIPIDES.

Neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

HORACE.

"THE brave hope ever." So the Poet sung—
  And hope from fortitude may still be born;
  Yet to the weak, be pity and not scorn
Accorded: with due tension aptly strung
High strains resounds the harp, like music flung
  By wingëd minstrels on the airs of morn,
  But murmurs low, as of a heart forlorn,
From chords relaxed are tremulously rung.
And minds infirm from the vague future turn,
  Doubtful and shrinking, to the good once known
Though past, and now beyond the reach of fear:
  And if to-morrow's sun serenely burn
Or hide in clouds, the light on them *has* shone,
  And the blue heavens in memory still are clear.

SONNET.

ὥς—χειμαῤῥου ποταμοι κατ' ὀρεσφε ῥεοντες.

HOMER.

Pour qui ce chant funébre et ces pâles flambeaux.

LAMARTINE.

COLD die the sunset tints, and vapour hoar
—Mingled with eastern streams of moonlight pale—
Rests on the boundaries of the sheltered vale
Hushed in a stillness motionless and frore;
While through the woods, now like the distant roar
Of mountain torrents, sweeps the northern gale,
Now, falling, mourns like the death-boding wail
Chanted in southern climes when hope is o'er.
Oh when it came borne on the torch-lit air,
Awful, and deepening as it nearer drew,
How my heart shuddered! for life, then, was dear:
But youth is gone—with all who made it fair—
And, as in gloom now fades light's dying hue,
Life's early flush lies quenched on many a bier.

February 6th, 1860.

SONNET.

The joyous music of the wingëd quire
  Pours on the air from every leafy bower
  In the fresh beauty of the sun-set hour;
For clouds dark rolling, from the west retire,
And richer scent the woodbine flowers respire;
  While sunbeams, darting through the summer shower,
  Touch with their light the hamlet's distant tower,
And flush the lawn with drops of golden fire.
I hear the wandering cuckoo's welcome note
  Unmuffled yet, and uttered as he flies,
Now loud and near, now faint and distant float:
  Sweet bird! I pause and listen, till it dies—
And in these sounds and scenes—from friend remote—
  Find that companionship my lot denies.

SONNET.

Captum leto posuit caput.
VIRGIL.

O WORDS of woe! "Sleep on, and take your rest."
Gone are the hours that sought, and could allow
Ministered comfort, and its aid avow:
Through the long night no more the heaving breast
Sighs—the tired head—whose curls by poppies prest
In vain, dark-clustered round that pallid brow—
The wakeful eyes, to death submitted now,
Repose at length beneath his folding vest.
"Sleep on, and take your rest." O words of woe!
No time to succour or to soothe is given—
Yet slumber comes not to this brain o'erworn:
My baffled thoughts nor aim nor object know,
Reft of their wonted offices—and driven
Waste o'er the dreary past, but watch to mourn.

September, 1845.

NOTES TO SONNETS.

Note to "Diogenes and Pollux," Page 69.

"A dilemma is an argument consisting of two contrary sides, either of which catches the adversary. Hence it is also called syllogismus cornutus—its horns being so disposed that if you avoid the one, you run upon the other. It is also called crocodolinus. A dilemma is faulty when it may be retorted with equal force upon him who uttered it; thus —Eualthes promised Protagoras a reward when he should have taught him the art of pleading, and it was to be paid when he gained his first cause. After a considerable time, Protagorus goes to law with Eualthes for the reward, and uses this dilemma: 'Either the cause will go on my side or on yours; if on my side, you must pay me according to the sentence of the judge; if on your side, you must pay me according to the bargain; therefore, whether the cause goes against me or for me, you must pay me my reward.' But Eualthes retorted thus: 'If I gain the cause, nothing will be due to you, according to the sentence of the judge; if I lose it, nothing will be due to you, according to thy bargain; therefore, if either I lose or gain the cause, I will not pay you, for nothing will be due to you.' "

Watts's Logic.

It was considered unlawful to eat eggs, and any thing which had been used in expiations. The Cynics, who cared not for these notions, eat them.

Sonnet, Page 73.

Præclare Aristoteles, "si essent, inquit, qui sub terra semper habitavissent, bonis et illustribus domiciliis, quæ essent ornata signis atque picturis, instructaque rebus iis omnibus, quibus abundant ii qui beati putantur; nec tamen exissent unquam supra terram: accepissent autem fama et auditione esse quoddam numen et vim deorum: deinde aliquo tempore, patefactis terræ faucibus, ex illis abditis sedibus evadere in hæc loca quæ nos incolimus atque exire potuissent; cùm repentè terram et maria cœlumque vidissent; nubium magnitudinem, ventorumque vim cognovissent; aspexissentque solem, ejusque tum magnitudinem pulchritudinemque; tum etiam efficientiam cognovissent, quod is diem efficeret, toto cœlo luce diffusâ; cùm autem terras nox opacâsset, tum cœlum totum cernerent astris distinctum et ornatum; lunæque luminum varietatem tum crescentis, tum senescentis, eorumque omnium ortus et occasus, atque in omni æternitate ratos immutabilesque cursus: hæc cum viderent, profectò et esse deos, et hæc tanta opera deorum esse arbitrarentur."

Sonnet, Page 74.

In animi cognitione dubitare non possumus, nisi planè in physicis plumbei sumus, quin nihil sit animus admixtum, nihil copulatum, nihil concretum, nihil coagmentatum, nihil duplex. Quod cùm ita sit, certè nec secerni, nec dividi, nec discerni, nec distrahi potest: nec interire igitur. Est enim interitus quasi discessus, et secretio, ac diremptus earum partium, quæ ante interitum junctione aliquà tenebantur. His et talibus rationibus adductus Socrates, nec patronum quæsivit ad judicium capitis, nec judicibus supplex fuit: adhibuitque liberam contumaciam à magnitudine animi ductum—et cùm facilè possit educi è custodia, noluit: et cùm penè in manu jam mortiferum illud teneret poculum, locutus ita est, ut non ad mortem trudi, verùm in cœlum videretur ascendere.

Hic ego non mirer esse quemquam, qui sibi persuadeat, corpora quædam solida atque individua vi et gravitate ferri, mundumque effici ornatissimum et pulcherrimum ex eorum corporum concursione fortuitâ? Hoc qui existimat fieri potuisse, non intelligo cur non idem putet, si innumerabiles unius et viginti formæ literarum vel aureæ, vel quales libet, aliquo conjiciantur, posse, ex his in terram excussis, Annales Ennii, ut deinceps legi possint, effici: quod nescio an ne uno quidem versu possit tantum valere fortuna. Isti autem, quemadmodum asseverant, ex corpusculis non colore, non qualitate aliquâ quam ποιότητα Græci vocant, non sensu præditis, sed concurrentibus temerè atque casu, mundum esse perfectum? Vel innumerabiles potius in omni puncto temporis alios nasci, alios interire? Quod si mundum efficere potest concursus atomorum, cur porticum, cur templum, cur domum, cur urbem non potest? quæ sunt minùs operosa, et multò quidem faciliora.

Sonnet, Page 77.

Θαρρεῖν χρὴ περὶ τῇ αὐτοῦ ψυχῇ ἄνδρα, ὅς τις ἐν τῷ βίῳ τὰς μὲν ἄλλας ἡδονὰς τὰς περὶ τὸ σῶμα καὶ τοὺς κόσμους εἴασε χαίρειν ὡς ἀλλοτρίους τε ὄντας καὶ πλεον θάτερον ἡγησάμενος ἀπεργάζεσθαι, τὰς περὶ τὸ μανθάνειν ἐσπούδασέ τε καὶ κοσμήσας τὴν ψυχὴν οὐκ αλλοτρίῳ ἀλλὰ τῷ αὐτῆς κόσμῳ, σωφροσύνῃ τε καὶ δικαιοσύνῃ καὶ ἀνδρίᾳ καὶ ἐλευθερίᾳ καὶ αληθείᾳ, οὕτω περιμένει τὴν εἰς Ἅιδου πορειαν, ὡς πορευσόμενος ὅταν ἡ εἱμαρμένη καλῇ. Καλὸς γὰρ ὁ κίνδυνος καὶ χρὴ τὰ τοιαῦτα ὥς περ ἐπᾴδειν ἑαυτῷ. Καλὸν γαρ τὸ ἆθλον καὶ ἡ ἐλπὶς μεγάλη.

Sonnet, Page 79.

Nihil in malis ducamus, quod sit vel à diis immortalibus vel à natura parente omnium constitutum. Non enim te merè nec fortuitò sati et creati sumus; sed profectò fuit quædam vis quæ generi consuleret humano: nec id gigneret aut aleret, quod, cùm exanclavisset omnes labores, tum incideret in mortis malum sempiternum. Portum, potiùs, paratum nobis et perfugium putemus: quò utinam velis passis pervehi liceat! Sin restantibus ventis rejiciemur, tamen eodem paulò tardius referamur necesse est. Quod autem omnibus necesse est, idne miserum esse uni potest?

Sonnet, Page 80.

Ex ipsa hominum solertia esse aliquam mentem, et eam quidem aeriorem et divinam, existimare debemus. "Unde enim hanc, homo arripuit?" ut ait apud Xenophantem, Socrates. Quin et humorem et calorem qui est fusus in corpore, et terrenam ipsam viscerum soliditatem, animum denique illum spirabilem, si quis quærat unde habemus, apparet: quod aliud à terra sumpsimus, aliud ab humore, aliud ab igne, aliud ab aëre eo quem spiritu ducimus. Illud autem quod vincit hæc omnia, rationem dico, et, si placet, pluribus verbis, mentem, consilium, cogitationem, prudentiam, ubi invenimus? unde sustulimus?

* * * * * *

Cultus autem deorum est optimus, idemque castissimus atque sanctissimus, plenissimusque pietatis, ut eos semper purâ, integrâ, incorruptâ et mente et voce veneremur.

Sonnet, Page 81.

Sit igitur jam hoc à principio persuasum civibus, dominos, esse omnium rerum et moderatores deos: eaque quæ gerantur eorum geri ditione, ac numine: eosque optimè de generi hominum mereri: et qualis quisque sit, quid agat, quid in se admittat, quâ mente, quâ pietate colat religiones, intueri, piorumque et impiorum habere rationem.

Utiles esse autem opiniones has, quis neget, cum intelligat quam multa firmentur jurejurando; quantæ salutis sint fœderum religiones; quam multos divini supplicii metus à sceleri revocarit; quamque sancta sit societas civium inter ipsos, diis immortalibus interpositis, tum judicibus, tum testibus?

Sonnet, Page 83.

Illud "γνωθι σεαυτον" noli putare ad arrogantiam minuendam solùm esse dictum; verùm etiam ut bona nostra norimus.

Qui se ipse norit, primùm aliquid sentiet se habere divinum; ingeniumque in se suum, sicut simulacrum aliquod, dedicatum putabit: tantòque munere deorum semper dignum aliquid et sentiet et faciet: et cum se ipse perspexerit, totumque tentarit, intelliget quemadmodum à natura subornatus in vitam venerit; quantaque instrumenta habeat ad obtinendam adipiscendamque sapientiam; quoniam principio rerum omnium quasi adumbratas intelligentias animo ac mente conceperit; quibus illustratus, sapientiâ duce, bonum virum, et ob eam ipsam causam cernat se beatum fore.

Sonnet, Page 84.

FROM "THOUGHTS OF CICERO."

Nam cum animus, cognitis perceptisque virtutibus, à corpore obsequio, indulgentiaque discesserit; voluptatemque sicut labem aliquam decoris oppresserit; omnemque mortis dolorisque timorem effugerit; societatemque caritatis coierit cum suis, omnesque naturâ conjunctos suos duxerit; cultumque deorum et puram religionem susceperit, et exacuerit illam, ut oculorum, sic ingenii aciem, ad bona deligenda, et rejicienda contraria; quid eo dici, aut excogitari poterit, beatius?

Sonnet, Page 85.

Animorum nulla in terris origo inveniri potest. Nihil enim est in animis mixtum atque concretum, aut quod ex terra natum atque fictum esse videatur: nihil ne aut humidum quidem, aut flabile, aut igneum. His enim in naturis nihil inest, quod vim memoriæ, mentis, cogitationis habeat: quod et præterita teneat, et futura provideat, et complecti possit præsentia: quæ sola divina sunt. Nec invenietur unquam unde ad hominem venire possint, nisi à Deo. Singularis est igitur quædam natura atque vis animi, sejuncta ab his usitatis notisque naturis. Ita quidquid est illud quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleste et divinum est: ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.

"Thoughts of Cicero."

Sonnets, Pages 87 and 88.

Est quidem vera lex, recta ratio, naturæ congruens, diffusa in omnes, constans, sempiterna; quæ vocet ad officium jubendo, vetando à fraude deterreat: quæ tamen neque probos frustrà jubet aut vetat, nec improbos jubendo aut vetando movet. Huic legi nec obrogari fas est, neque derogari ex hac aliquid licet, neque tota abrogari potest. Nec verò aut per senatum aut per populum solvi hac lege possumus. Neque est quærendus explanator aut interpres ejus alius. Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis; alia nunc, alia posthac; sed et omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex et sempiterna et immortalis continebit; unusque erit communis quasi magister et imperator omnium Deus.

Ille legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator; cui qui non parebit, ipse se fugiet, ac naturam hominis aspernabitur: atque hoc ipso luet maximas pœnas, etiam si cætera supplicia, quæ putantur, effugerit.

Itaque pœnas luunt, non tam judiciis (quæ quondam nusquam erant, hodie multifariam nulla sunt; ubi sunt tamen, persepe falsa sunt) quam conscientiâ:—angore conscientiâ, fraudisque cruciatu.

* * * * *

Sua quemque fraus, et suus terror maximè vexat; suum quemque scelus agitat, amentiâque afficit; suæ malæ cogitationes, conscientiæque animi terrent. Hæ sunt impiis assiduæ domesticæque furiæ.

"Thoughts of Cicero."

When the Canadian Indians were urged to emigrate, they replied,—"Shall we say to the bones of our ancestors, Rise, and go with us to a foreign land?"

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